Saturday Review

APRIL 22, 1961 / 25¢

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY: FOUNDER AND EDITOR

By Allan Nevins

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Federico Fellini, writer and director of "La Dolce Vita." (See Movies)

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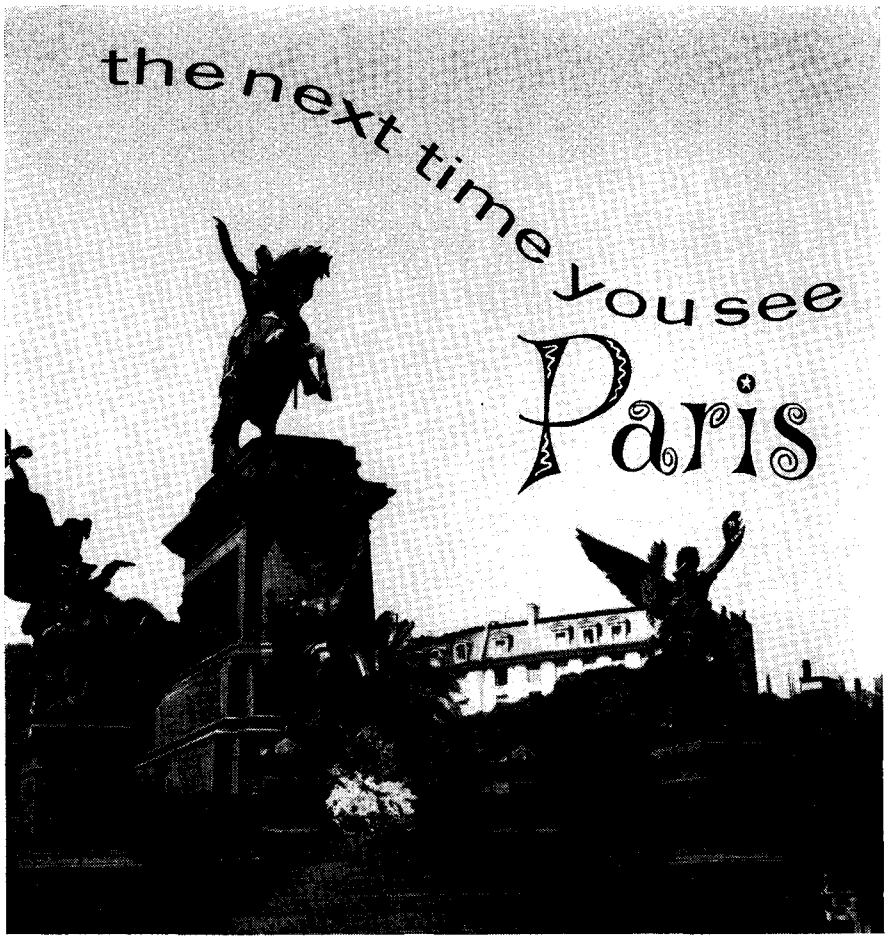

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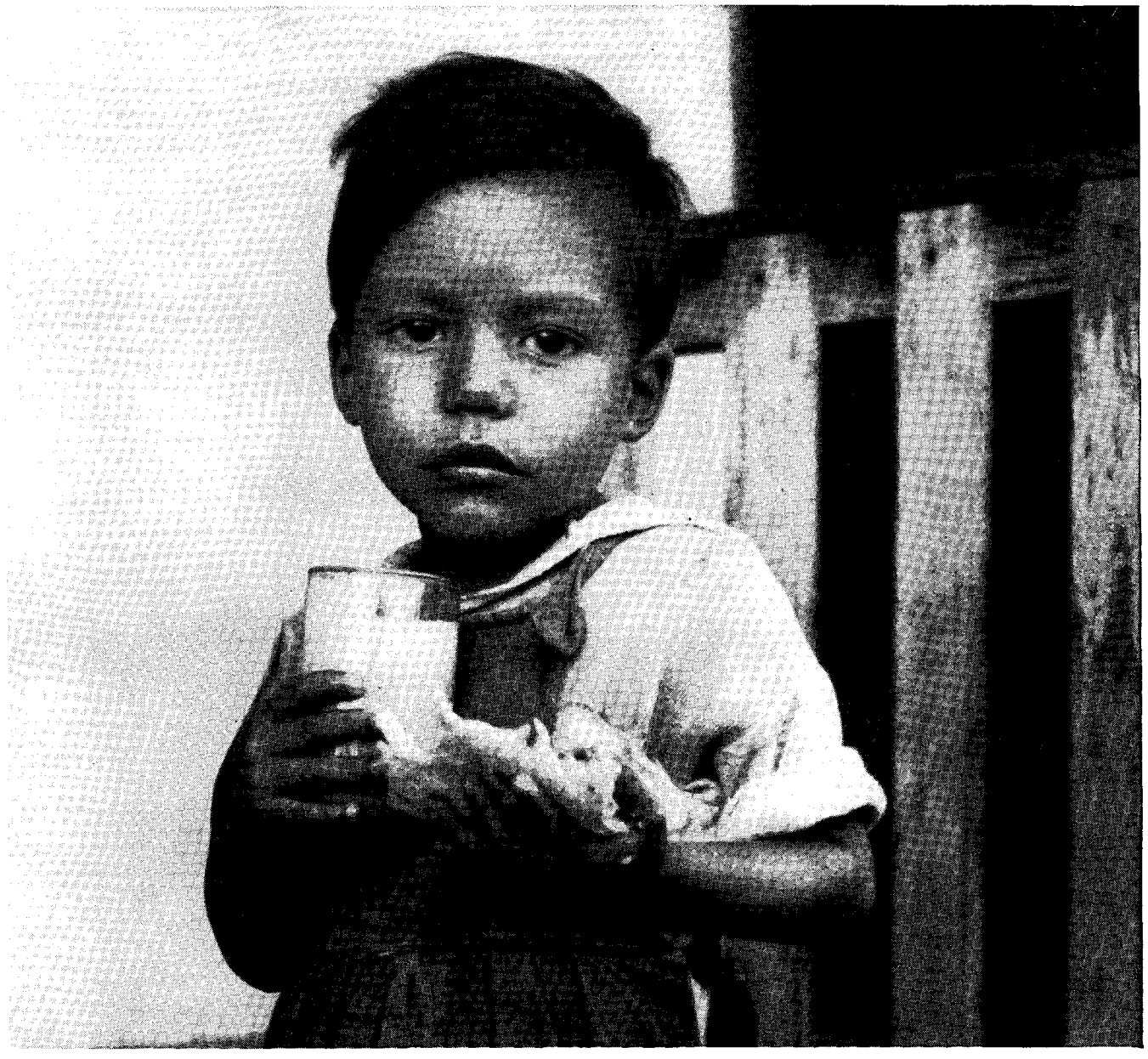

Enemy Not Anivar Urbina, small citizen of Honduras. But the enemy is there all round him—malnutrition, disease, the intense despair of poverty. Anivar and millions like him face the Enemy from the day they are born to the quick twilight of their lives. They need help now—above all, help to help themselves. They need food, tools, books, medicines and technical know-how. By any standard they know, we have these things in abundance. Whether it be in Honduras, Africa, India, or even in our own country, this abundance *must* be shared. If we Americans help this child and others like him defeat the Enemy, he will never forget us; if we ignore him, or try to bribe him, he will never forgive us. *Which will it be?*

S. Employees and agents of Nationwide voluntarily have been sponsoring special self-help programs in four Central American countries in cooperation with CARE. More than $150,000 has been raised in the last 18 months to provide the people of these countries with the tools for better education, medical care, agriculture, housing and other basic needs.

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THE PHOENIX NEST

Looking Backward

Edited by Martin Levin

IN AGREEMENT WITH TOYNBEE
I FEAR I'M NOT GOYNBE

What was it that undid great conquering Xerxes?
Lust for power.
Or Alexander, whose vestiges the wondering Turk sees?
Lust for power, again.

And why do people seek out the political turmoil?
Lust for power, by gad.
Why trouble they the waters, instead of pouring on sperm-oil?
Lust for power, lust for power!

Thus it appears that power-lust is just about
The greatest force known.
—How strange then that power is the last thing I lust about!
I just want to be let alone.

—Morris Bishop.

• • •

AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL BLUES

IT'S A SAD business going over your past life when you've changed your mind on a vital subject. To comfort my pride, I don't say I changed my mind about socialism. I say the experiment I advocated was tried and it failed. That sounds better, but it doesn't help much when it comes to assessing your past writings. A gifted colleague of mine collects his earlier essays, writes them over again, and, adding a few recent ones, makes up-to-date books out of them. But his opinions were never quite so flamingly revolutionary as mine, and moreover he has not now so cleanly cut loose from the socialist world view. A sort of continuity can be built in.

With me the gulf is uncrossable. It brings tears to my eyes to see the immortal eloquence with which I proved that state ownership of the means of production would "liberate the proletariat and therewith all society." Honestly, I might be an American classic, if that very thing had not happened to enslave all society and therewith the proletariat. For ten years, as editor of the old *Masses* and the *Liberator*, I poured out my soul, and what there was of my intellect, in works of editorial art—for editorial writing is an art—that are not only dead but dead wrong.

If I were a painter, it wouldn't matter so much. In fact it would promote my sales. One gallery could exhibit the works of my Red Period, 1912 to 24; another could trace my evolution during the Pink Period, 1924 to 35. And my Blue Period, 1935 to 40—blue but not wholly disheartened—might be played up as an early anticipation of the epoch-making canvases of Barry Goldwater. But you can't do that with works of editorial art. They have too much to do with verifiable truth. Time, instead of mellowing them with an appreciative patina, is apt to slash them to shreds with a downpour of unanticipated facts, or blot them out altogether with refutations written in blood.

—Max Eastman.

• • •

PICTURES THEN AND NOW

PEOPLE are always after me to tell them how I learned to draw so well. They see me sketching a bird, or a person, or something and they say: "Why, that looks just *like* . . ." whatever it is. "I don't know how you *do* it."

I smile enigmatically, shrug, and go on with my work, and after a while they usually go on about their business. But occasionally, if they linger, and keep pressing me, I finally give them a clue. "Early training," I say. "Three over, fourteen down, six over, ten down, four over."

"Whatever are you talking about?" they say. "I don't get it."

And so I describe to them the process by which one of my elementary school teachers taught us to draw.

First, she came to school with something already drawn. A Thanksgiving turkey, let's say, or a Christmas tree, or an Easter bunny. It was drawn on squared paper. She would hold it up in front of the class and say: "This is what we will draw this afternoon." Then she would pass out the paper, counting one squared sheet to a pupil and handing a stack to the monitor in the front seat of each row. "Pass it back, monitors," she would say. "Each pupil take just one sheet."

When each of us had paper, she would say: "Now, count down eighteen squares from the top left corner of your paper, and make a dot. Hold it

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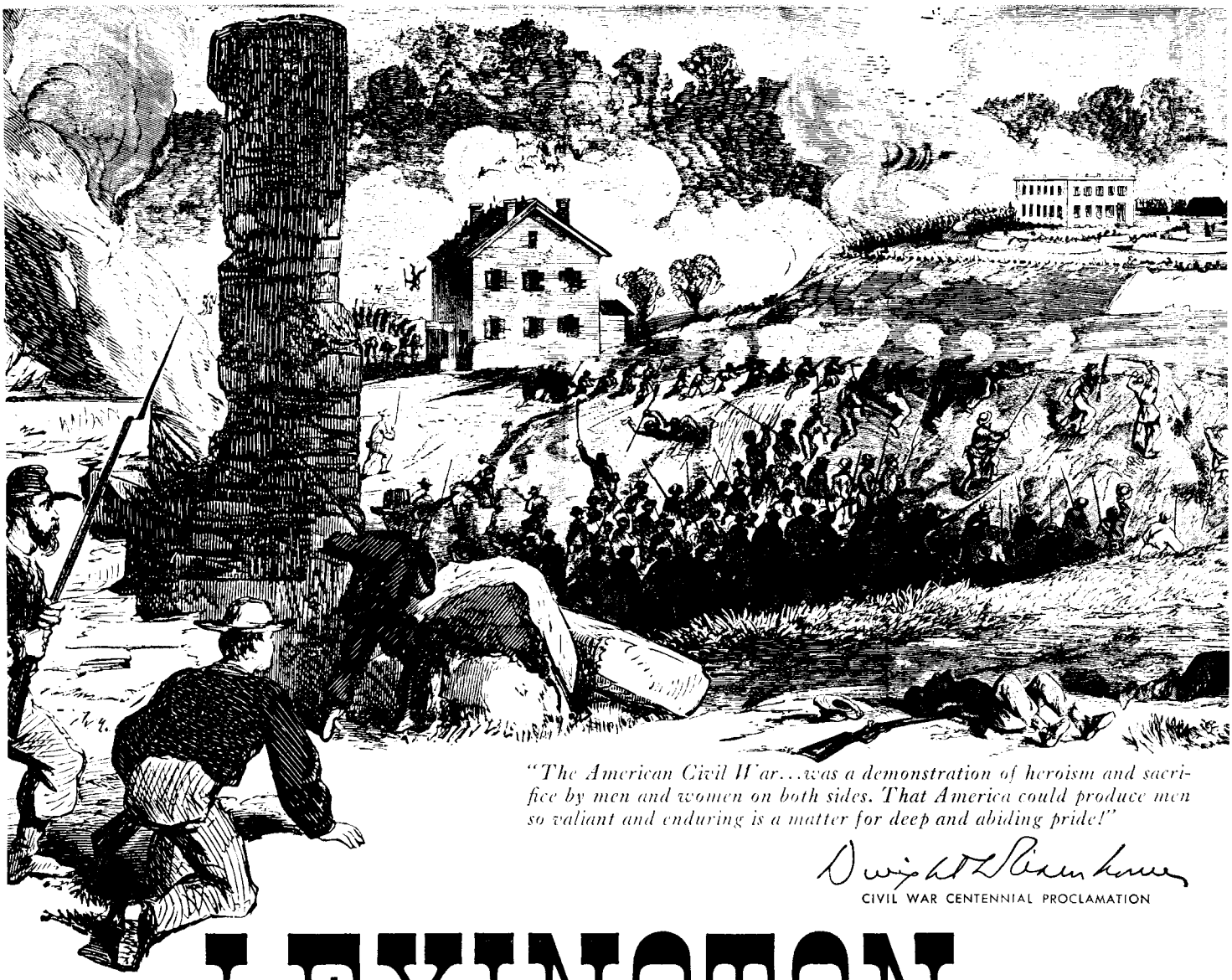

"The American Civil War...was a demonstration of heroism and sacrifice by men and women on both sides. That America could produce men so valiant and enduring is a matter for deep and abiding pride!"

Dwight D. Eisenhower

CIVIL WAR CENTENNIAL PROCLAMATION

LEXINGTON MISSOURI

Come watch the "Battle of the Hemp Bales" re-enacted May 18th

In 1861, townspeople of Lexington, Missouri, stood on the river bluffs and watched 3,000 men of Mulligan's "Irish Brigade" fight off a superior force of yelling Confederates for three heroic days before surrendering. This May 18th, you can stand on those bluffs and see an authentic re-enactment of that battle.

Make your plans to be there, for it will be well worth seeing. Proud of staging the Centennial's first land battle re-enactment, U. S. soldiers, militiamen and 560 well-drilled cadets of Wentworth Military Academy have collected real Civil War uniforms, battleflags, rifles and artillery. They have practiced, and learned their lines well, including the legendary "Rebel yell" and the answering banshee-howls of the Irish defenders. Their stage will be the original trenches, dug 100 years ago, and they will act for you a living historical drama you will never forget.

Lexington, where casualties were low because men pushed wet bales of hemp ahead of them for protection, was a small battle compared to Antietam or Gettysburg, but you will find it exciting to see, and absorbing to study as one of the events which decided our nation's destiny. Be there on May 18th; you'll learn a lot you never knew about American history, and a lot you should know about the price of freedom.

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the secret of Chartreuse

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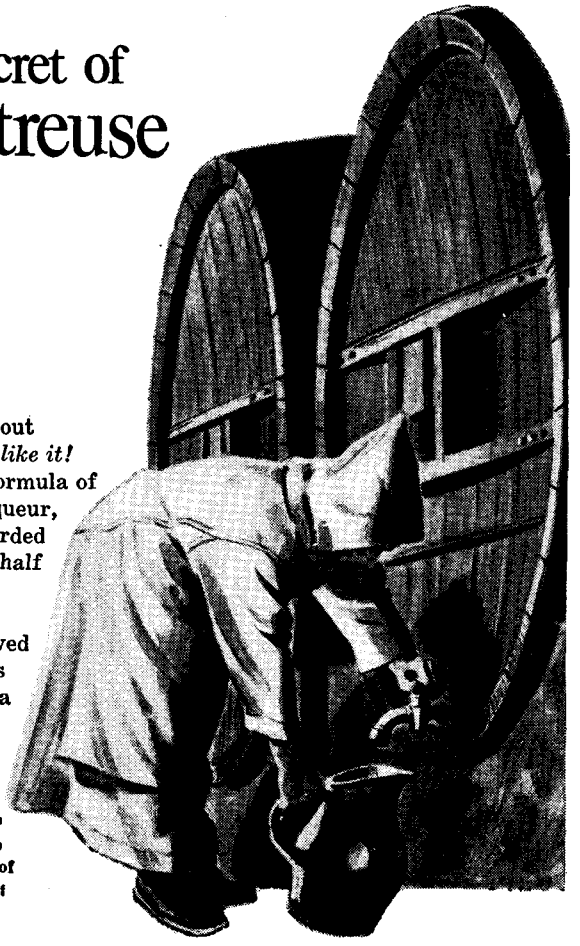

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up, then, so I can see it." We would all hold our paper up except old Wesley Coggeshell, who was slow, and had ringworm besides. "*Hurry up,* Wesley," she would say.

Finally we would be ready. "All right now," she would say, "count ten squares over, then start your line. Draw your line up three squares. Now over six squares. Now down twelve. Now over seventeen. Now six down, five over, ten down, eight over . . . etc."

When we were all through, if we had done it right, we would have a nice picture of something. "Put your names on your papers and pass them to the front," the teacher would say. "Monitors, stack them in neat stacks."

Next day, to our delight, all of our pictures would be displayed on the wall above the blackboard. They all looked exactly alike, and all very good except old Wesley Coggeshell's. His would look simply awful. What a dumbbell!

Children nowadays, I regret to say, aren't given thoughtful, fundamental art training—the kind we used to get. That is why today, when you see displays of pictures done by the young, you can't make head or tail out of them. No two are alike, and to my way of thinking they are all as bad as Wesley Coggeshell's, or worse. This doesn't seem to worry the teachers, or even the mummies and daddies. The entire world of education has, in fact, gone mad, and the only thing we can all be thankful for is that with modern fungicides, ringworm has been brought under control.

—Hayes B. Jacobs.

• • •

THE EXPERT

(On reading "unidentified expert" in the caption of a picture of men called to testify at the Scopes trial.)

E. G. Ferris, *incognu.*
Could teach mankind
A thing or two
About the process
Of something, but—
Nobody now remembers what.

E. G. Ferris, short of fame,
Left behind
A face, no name.
All-knowing,
Half-immortalized,
His epitaph: He specialized.

Thus it is, in history's pages,
He stands among
The lesser sages,
His face for all
The world to see,
His body of knowledge R.I.P.

—Richard Lemon.

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Has her spare time been shot to pieces by the baby boom?

MAYBE Mrs. Joseph Woodstock's 8 (count 'em) youngsters are an extreme example of America's baby boom. Yet, consider the fact that families with 4 or more children have increased 60% since 1951. Now consider the problem of finding spare time in the life of the average American mother.

The number of her children is increasing. The range of her responsibilities is expanding. The demands on her time grow daily. Yet no day gives her more than 24 hours to find spare time for herself and her family.

Oddly enough she finds it. After 23 hours per week in the kitchen, after 20 hours a week laundering, sewing and cleaning, after nearly 60 hours a week of actual work, the average American wife still finds spare time for the other things she wants to do.

Energetic young mothers like Mrs. Woodstock know they must find time to help solve problems that affect their families and communities. Like Mrs. Woodstock, who organized her church's charity group, many women invest extra hours in civic, school and recreational activities. No problem that affects their families is too big and no daily activity too small to escape their careful attention.

For example, the young mother spends more time shopping than ever before. She knows that extra care in shopping pays off in better living for her family. That's why millions of thrifty women—shopping for half the families in our nation—now shop at stores that give S&H Green Stamps.

The many good things these women bring home with their S&H Green Stamps and the values they buy daily are proof of time and money well-spent.

An American Way of Thrift for 25,000,000 Families . . .

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GREEN STAMPS

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INSIDE NATIONWIDE

IN A LOCKER downstairs are flags of many nations, and we're adding more from time to time — not because we like to collect flags but because we like to make visitors feel welcome.

Last year we were hosts to more than 100 persons from 17 countries, and by way of greeting we displayed the flag of each visitor's nation, along with the American flag, in our lobby.

Our guests came singly and in groups, on invitation and on their own — from Turkey, Japan, Ceylon, Chile, India, West Germany, Sweden, Nigeria, Korea, Costa Rica, Viet Nam, England, Switzerland, Israel, Canada, Australia, and the Philippines.

Why did all these people visit an insurance organization in the middle of Ohio? Various reasons:

- *Nationwide has a cooperative background (founded by the Ohio Farm Bureau Federation; member, Cooperative League of the USA, the International Cooperative Alliance), and co-op people from all over come to see how we operate.*
- *Murray Lincoln, our president, is chairman of the board of CARE.*
- *One of our associated companies, Tectum Corporation, has developed a rice straw building material, Tec-Pan, soon to be manufactured in Korea by a Korean company, with Tectum providing engineering and management know-how.*
- *Through reinsurance, we share with other companies such coverages as cars in Germany, turkeys in Saskatchewan, crops in South Africa, fire risks in India, and aircraft in Argentina.*
- *Nationwide employees and agents have contributed more than $100,000 to send self-help materials to four Central American countries, in a program instituted by the employees and agents themselves and carried out through CARE.*

So our flags were unfurled often in 1960, and are being used even more this year. Fact is, a frequent visitor to our flag-brightened lobby has suggested we change our name to *Worldwide*. He may have something there.

Nationwide/Mutual Insurance Co., Life Insurance Co., Mutual Fire Insurance Co. Home Office: Columbus, O.

NATIONWIDE

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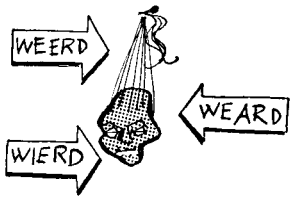
TRADE Winds

THEY ARE GOING to clean up Times Square. A committee of businessmen who call themselves the Broadway Association will hire a firm of consulting engineers to develop plans for improving the area. I can tell them where to



start — at Ripley's Odditorium, right smack in the middle of the Square.

It is an exhibit of a variety of fantastic items collected by Robert L. Ripley when he was traveling around the world looking for such things. I found it interesting, but what I want cleaned up is the horrible spelling on the printed cards that go with each display. It is impossible to concentrate on the objects when you are spending all your time reading the descriptions and looking for such boo-boos as "opuim pipe," or "mammoth tooth from Beamont, Texas."

They can't even copy properly. A line from "The Chambered Nautilus" is quoted thusly: ". . . as the first tenent shaped his growing shell . . ."

You'll also find something used to "fortell the future," as well as a "German-Enlish miniature pipe" and a "medicine man's implimint." In a model of a Chinese temple they tell you where every "infinitesmal" piece came from. And there's a shrunken head that was the result of a "wierd tribal ceremony."

Believe it or not.

IN HIS COLUMN in the *Wilson Library Bulletin* Harry C. Bauer blasts away at what he calls the occupational disease of librarianship. It's the "three-by-five fixation," the dictionary card catalogue that librarians love so much.

"There is nothing more depressing," he writes, "than to imagine highly qualified librarians throughout the nation standing at catalog cases filing three-by-five cards. Furthermore, the cases themselves pre-empt too much space. One composite day in June, 1936, 12,000 libraries in the United States acquired copies of Margaret Mitchell's wonderful novel, 'Gone With the Wind,' and 12,000 librarians cataloged same. . . . One writer wrote the book, one publisher published the book, but 12,000 catalogers cataloged the book. It is a pity that otherwise sensible librarians engage in such a pointless ritual."

Recently there was an experiment to determine the feasibility of printing a facsimile catalogue card in the front of each book published, but the Library of Congress concluded that it wouldn't work. Bauer says it is just as well, because now we can get rid of the cards entirely, and switch to book catalogues such as those offered by the Library of Congress and the British Museum. Periodical indexes suffice to help people find articles in a comprehensive assortment of general, scientific, and technical publications, and Bauer says it will work with books.

All that must be done, he believes, is to get librarians to give up "their darling three-by-five cards."

I'VE ENJOYED READING all the rearranged books and titles people have sent in. They are all funny. For example, one response came from Ned B. Allen, professor of English literature at the University of Delaware, who writes a column in the Wilmington *Evening Journal* under the pseudonym of Alan Edwards.

He tells me that poet Robert Hillyer, retired and living on the campus, suggested that "Venus Observed" should have been written by Samuel Pepys. Other colleagues of Professor Allen's thought, for instance, that the author of the anonymous medieval poem "The Pearl" must have been the Venerable Bede, and that "The Song of Songs" ought to have been written by John M. Synge, Lewis Carroll, and Lionel Trilling.

It has even gone so far, the professor tells me, as to have folks planning books that have never been written, to fit the authors we have. A trilogy on capital punishment, they decided, should have been divided up this way: "The Gallows," by David McCord, "The Guillotine," by Hedda Hopper, and "The Electric Chair," by George Reresby Sitwell.

This combination was quickly discarded for a better one: "The Gallows," by Stringfellow Barr, "The Guillotine," by William Sharp, and "The Electric Chair," by Fanny Burney.

IF YOU WANT to know more about Fort Lauderdale you should read "Lord Love a Duck" (Atheneum). It's a most

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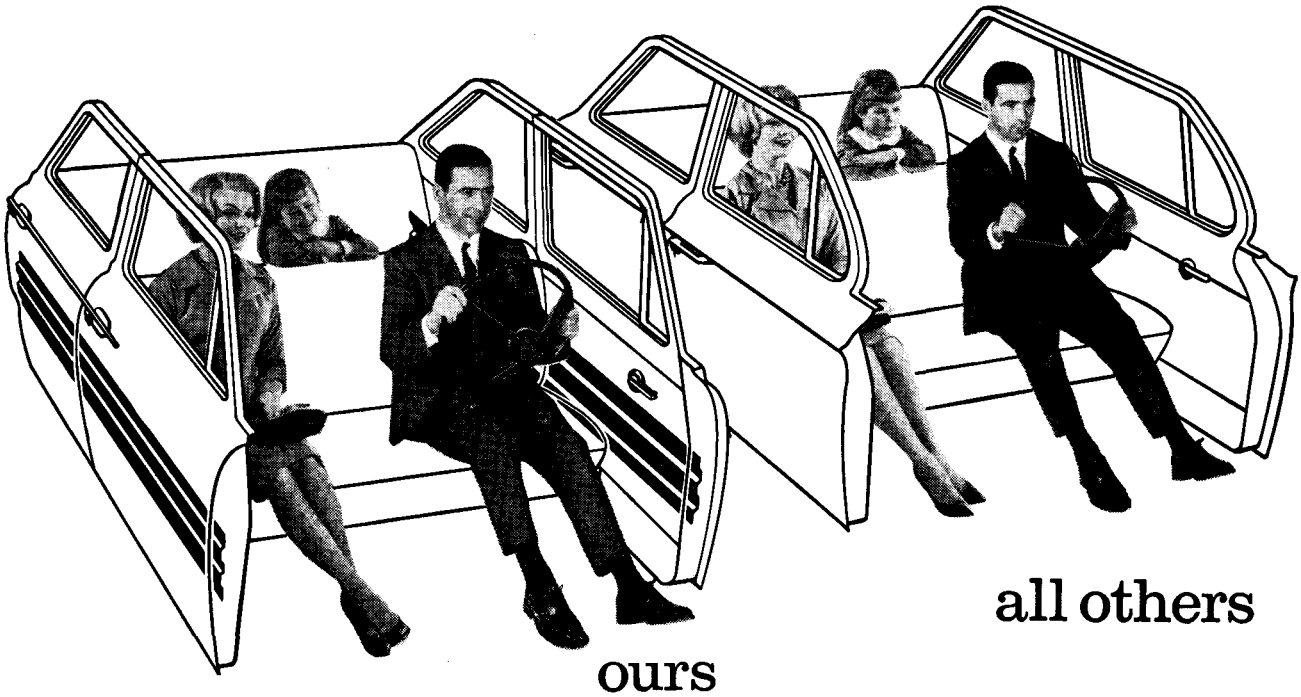
Which doors are stronger?



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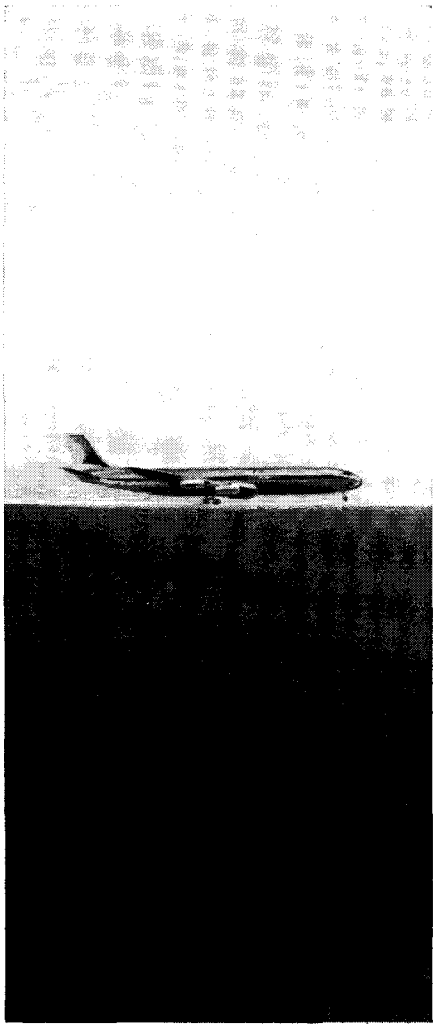

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A scant year ago glimpsing an AIR-INDIA jet at New York International Airport, you might well have queried "AIR-WHO." Today, so popular has our transatlantic service become that we schedule flights on Wednesday through Sunday. If you're contemplating travel to London or anywhere in Europe murmur "AIR-INDIA" to *your travel agent.* (If *he* replies "AIR-WHO?" he's an imposter.)

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penetrating satire on certain aspects of American life, as told through the experiences of a trio of high school kids from Iowa. They make the spring trek to that Florida city and carry on beach shenanigans that make your hair stand on end.

That's only a part of it. The book presents an awful picture of what a lot of people think are the important standards these days, but it does so in the midst of the funniest plot and bunch of characters you'll ever see. Al Hine, the author, told me that when he was writing the story he thought maybe he was exaggerating but now that he's had a chance to compare his fiction with fact, he feels maybe he underplayed it.

"We're living through some of the most ridiculous times of history," he said. "I can't pick up a paper without finding half a dozen cuckoo things happening. People are acting out a more ridiculous comedy than you can make up. In humor and satire you run as fast as you can, but realism is always running ahead of you. So you end up with fairly realistic reporting with a light touch. I think it's the blight of surface wholesomeness that frightens me the most—more than beatniks or fallout—and that's what I went after in the book. I'm not against wholesomeness, but we've worshipped it. We think everything can be solved by brushing our teeth every day."

Reading "Lord Love a Duck" may jolt one's teeth right out of their fastenings.

YOU WON'T believe it, but as a result of the grand success of "Where the Boys Are," producer Joe Pasternak is planning a follow-up. The title, naturally, will be "Where the Girls Are." I doubt if Fort Lauderdale is quite ready to take *this* one on just yet. Maybe they could shoot it in Newport, Rhode Island. There hasn't been a

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1412)

ALDOUS HUXLEY:
YOUNG ARCHIMEDES

I thought of the fate of all the men born so hopelessly out of time that they could achieve next to* nothing of value. Beethoven, born in ancient** Greece, I thought, would have had to be content to play thin melodies on the flute or lyre.

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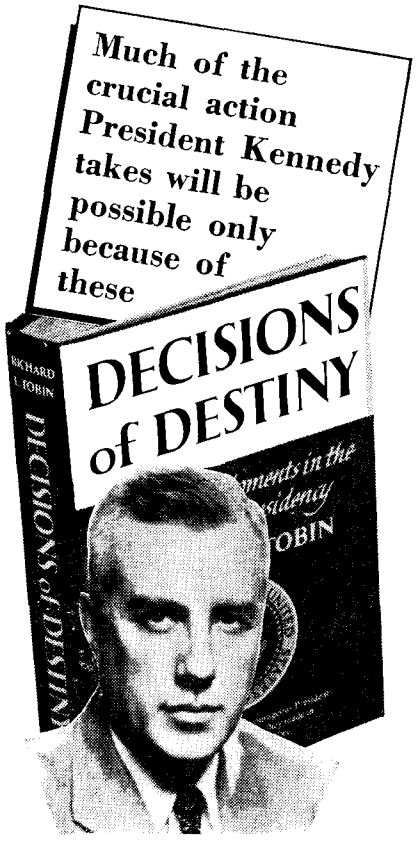
*Replacing "little or" to get the X.
**Word inserted to preserve the author's meaning.


Much of the crucial action President Kennedy takes will be possible only because of these
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DECISIONS of DESTINY
TOBIN

By RICHARD L. TOBIN

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"DECISIONS OF DESTINY" offers **exciting** evidence that the office of the President of the United States has inspired many of its occupants to rise to unsuspected greatness. I hope it is widely read by young and old."
—VANCE PACKARD

DECISIONS of DESTINY

By Richard L. Tobin
Managing Editor, *Saturday Review*

$5.00 *at all booksellers*

THE WORLD PUBLISHING COMPANY
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good beer can fight there for several months.

Speaking of sequels, we may look forward to some new twists on the Joan of Arc legend. According to *Variety*, a book has been published in Europe which tells "the true story of Joan of Arc." The girl was not a poor shepherdess, the authors reveal, but the illegitimate daughter of the Duke of Orleans and Queen Isabeau of Bavaria. The child was farmed out to the d'Arc family, raised with a military training and then used as a symbol to lead the movement to get the Dauphin back on the throne for the loot involved.

Someone else was burned at the stake in her place. Joan married and died in 1450 at the age of forty-three. *Variety* says "the book looms as a must for film makers and legit producers who may want to devote themselves to other aspects of Joan as seen through history. . . . Old pix and plays do not have to be changed but new versions could be in the offing."

Oh, the possibilities are endless. Hollywood will surely come up with a three-hour epic entitled "Son of Joan." The book itself that is responsible for this speculation is called "Operation Shepherdess." As far as I'm concerned, they should have left Joan alone. Why Rouen a good story?

ODDZIES: Edith P. Begner's new novel is called "Son and Heir." She's afraid it will be listed under the health books, where they advise you to spend more time outdoors. Her first book was entitled "Just Off Fifth," which could have concerned a floor, a street, an avenue, or a peculiar baseball game. Miss Begner says if people weren't confused over "The Howard Fast Reader" they probably won't be in this case. The English publishers avoided the problem, naming the book "His Son and Heir."

► That reminds me of Donald A. Wollheim's experience with "Dead Men Don't Ski," by Patricia Moyes. He started reading the jacket and found on the front: "The story is told with zest and humor by a young English author, who writes as well as she handles skis." On the rear of the jacket is a photo of the fair maiden, with this caption: "Patricia Moyes came to write 'Dead Men Don't Ski' when she was laid up with a dislocated foot, the result of a skiing accident."

► Four-year-old Allen McKissock's mother was teaching him the Golden Rule. When finished, she asked him if he understood it. "Yes," he replied. "Do unto others and they will do unto you." —Jerome Beatty, Jr.

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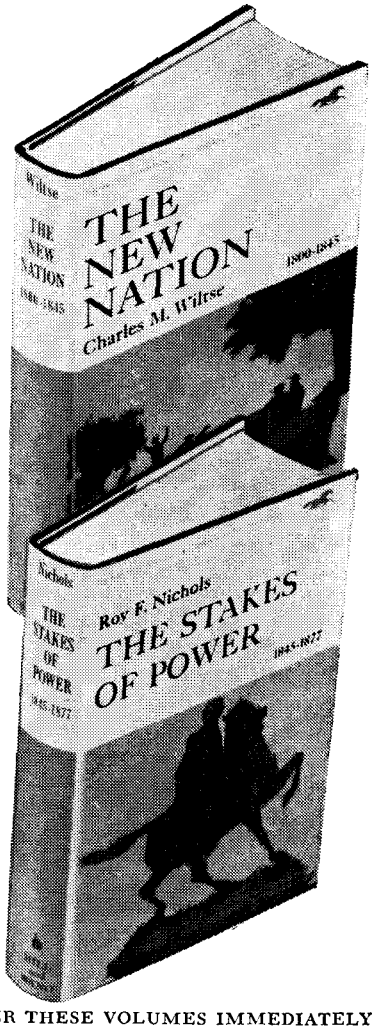

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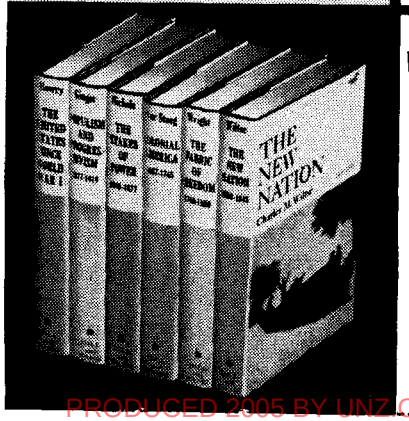

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Saturday Review
APRIL 22, 1961

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY:

SRL Founder and Editor

By ALLAN NEVINS

This evocation of Henry Seidel Canby was written by a noted historian whose close personal and working relationship with Dr. Canby and other founders of the Saturday Review began in the early 1920s, when both men were staff editors on the New York Evening Post. Since 1924, when Dr. Canby founded this magazine, Professor Nevins has been one of SR's most valued friends and contributors. A professor emeritus of Columbia University, Mr. Nevins is currently engaged in research at Huntington Library, San Marino, California.

HENRY S. CANBY, founder of the *Saturday Review*, died April 5 at the age of eighty-two. Himself possessed of immense energy, Dr. Canby will yet be seen as chief moderator over the literary energies of a whole generation. For thirty years, as editor of the *Evening Post Literary Review*, creator of *The Saturday Review of Literature*, central editorial force in the Book-of-the-Month Club, and critic at large, he was the most constructive single figure on the literary scene. The publisher who once exuberantly told him "You made me a million dollars this year," and a year later ruefully remarked, "You cost me a million this year," suggested his function: He promoted good writing and retarded bad book-making with an efficiency that nobody else approached. He did his work, moreover, with such brisk, cheery bonhommie, such unpretentious simplicity when he condemned, such zest and vitality when he praised, such a keen sense of what was interesting and enjoyable at all times, that he seemed to irradiate rather than pronounce upon the literary world.

If a single word could define the central trait in his rich personality, his busy career, that word would be "sympathy." He had a warm sense of literature as something steadily growing, like one of Thoreau's maples, "full of glee and sap"; every year putting forth new leaf and tendril, and adding another ring to the trunk. Possessing this sense, he had a versatile readiness to accept its varied and even eccentric expressions. Nobody else so genuinely learned in letters—for he had the full pundit equipment of the academic expert—showed quite this uninhibited interest in the growing edge, the experimental impulse; nobody else so well versed in standards was so willing to admit honest change. Ellery Sedgwick once said that an editor should have prejudices, but should keep them to himself. Henry Canby had his North Pole of conviction, but no dogmatism and few preconceptions.

IN this central quality the man and the editor were the same; they could not be dissociated. All his friends found the charm of his mind and conversation rooted not only in his unquenchable gusto for the intellectual life of his time, but his tolerance and breadth; not only in his zest for ideas, facts, and personalities, but his wholesome serenity. In social intercourse, as in his books, critiques, and editorials, he was never a pedant, never an unreined enthusiast, never for a second a cynic. He liked to say, "I am a philosopher," and he was certainly a philosopher in this, that he combined wisdom with Quaker goodness of heart. Quick and keen though he was, he carried a cool urbanity, a ready chuckle, and an enlightened preference for the sunny side of life through all his grueling labors and all the anxieties that beset a man in an administrative position. Sympathy was the secret: sympathy with people, with new forces, with fresh ideas. He once spoke of "the sporting atmosphere" which he found in the varied scenes of life: the Brandywine hills, T. R. Lounsbury's classroom, the *Yale Review* office, Vesey Street, PEN conventions overseas, and all the rest; but it was his own good sportsmanship that made the atmosphere.

ANYBODY so dynamic as Henry Canby would have made his way into a large sphere with no delay, but it was an unusual body of circumstances that gave him his opportunity.

A newspaper with men of vision at its head, but a paper clearly moribund—this made the opportunity possible. The *Evening Post* had a unique home. It occupied the tenth floor, spacious if low-ceiled, of the *Post* building, looking south over St. Paul's churchyard, and north to the Woolworth Tower. The crepuscular central library, a handsome room with dark-brown shelves filled with dark-brown books, some of them dating back to William Cullen Bryant's editorship, and some to the regimes of Schurz and E. L. Godkin, received visitors. It opened on one side to the

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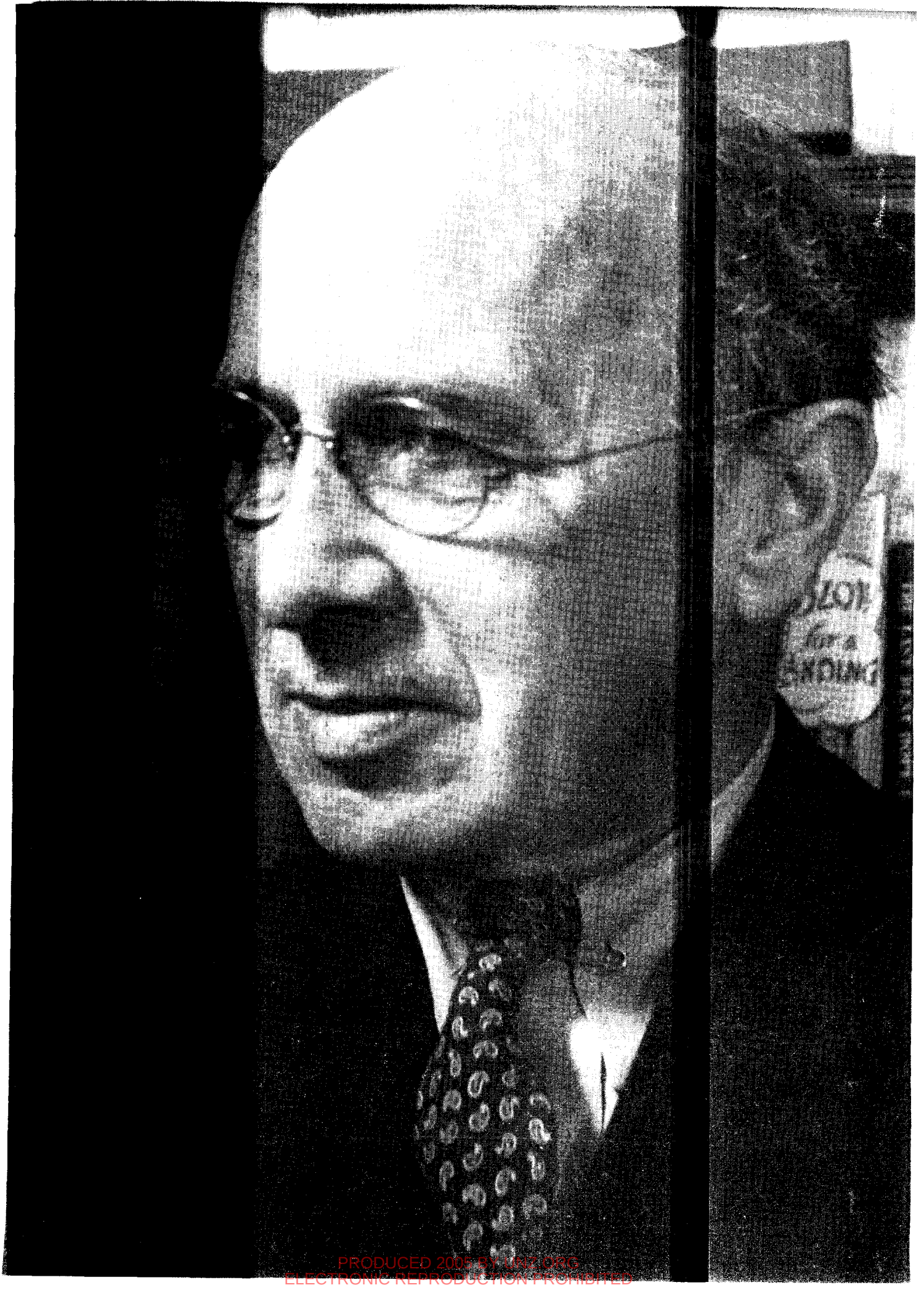

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Henry Adams and Democracy

Henry Adams was a living argument for democracy. An aristocrat and an intellectual, born of one of the few great lines we have bred in America, he would have tucked himself into European society as snugly as Henry James or Irving or Sargent. He would have produced a few works of standard history, had a distinguished social experience, and written at the end of it all one of those tall octavo memoirs, illustrated by photographs and anecdotes, which intelligent English gentlemen who have made a place for themselves in the world never fail to publish. Instead he chose to stay at home and struggle with the problems of a vulgar democracy that repelled and yet fascinated him. He could neither condemn nor escape the social history of his country and so lived in a constant state of high blood pressure.

—*Henry Seidel Canby (Oct. 17, 1925).*

humming city room, and on the others to seven or eight high-windowed offices and cubicles. Here in 1920 the daily which Hamilton had founded tottered in forlorn dignity toward its end. Edwin F. Gay as manager, able and public-spirited though with little gift for journalism, and the brilliant Simeon Strunsky as editor, maintained its old fighting spirit. It had veteran employees of distinction, such as the city's ranking critics of music and drama, those ever-bickering sages J. Ranken Towse and Henry T. Finck. Its staff of correspondents in Europe, Washington, and Albany, and its reporters at home were as expert as they were devoted. Every issue, until financial zero froze talent out of the paper, had touches of distinction.

THE energetic, impulsive Gay had a feeling for the honorable record of the daily. Proud of the connection with letters which Bryant, John Bigelow, Wendell Phillips Garrison, and Paul Elmer More had given it, sensitive to the loss of its Siamese twin the *Nation*, which had been one with the *Evening Post* from the merger under Godkin to the severance under Villard, and anxious to broaden the paper's scope, he invited Canby to establish a weekly supplement on the highest level. Yale failed to lift a guarding fist, and the young critic mailed his acceptance with Rubicon-crossing emotions.

New York has known many a "happy newspaper staff," as Lincoln Steffens called the one he first joined. But surely one of the happiest staffs, in several senses of the adjective, was that which in the summer of 1920 began to make the *Evening Post Literary Review*. Canby pre-empted a southerly section of the tenth floor. He brought in as associate editor William Rose Benét, who for a decade had been writing verse and essays. They found on the *Post* two rare spirits ready to be enlisted. Christopher Morley, columnist of the paper, where he rolled varicolored balls daily over what he called his Bowling Green, was intensely interested in current letters; so was Amy Loveman, who managed the library and bore a hand in other departments. Some of her elder relatives, of the distinguished Pollak and Heilprin families, had aided Godkin by their learned contributions. Her formal connection with the *Literary Review* antedated Morley's. Still, all four collaborated in bringing the first issue to birth as a sixteen-page supplement on Saturday, September 11.

The most important fact about the four was that they were utterly unlike, for their variety gave the new weekly much of its sparkle. The sober, drawling Benét, who brought out "Moons of Grandeur" that year, knew poetry, drama, and art. Morley, with his Roman-candle effervescence of wit and fantasy, had a set of Oxonian passions in literature, and a marvelous range of literary friends, including geniuses, vagabonds, and lunatics. Amy furnished conscientious system, the Pollak-Heilprin reverence for exact learning, and an Argus-eyed vigilance against imposture. Canby's special field was of course new ideas, interpreted with sympathy. They invented departments — a Literary Lobby, through which Morley liked to stalk in the Elizabethan guise of Kenelm Digby, and a New Curiosity Shop for short *causeries;* Canby retained Ernest Boyd to report on foreign literature; and with plentiful help from the general *Post* staff, including the shrewd managing editor J. P. Gavit, they were off.

From the start the *Literary Review* was much more than a Saturday supplement. It was the best weekly devoted to cultural affairs the country had seen in decades. Its comprehensiveness, lively readability, and high standards quickly won a wide following. Always given to overwork, Canby toiled harder now than ever. It was his sure sense of his proper object, however, that made the sheet so notable. He saw that just to give a trustworthy estimate of books was not enough; his larger task was to furnish a fresh and varied picture of national thought, emphasizing what was novel. "We have never had a literary paper," Stuart P. Sherman was soon writing from Urbana, "which reported with such promptness and thoroughness what people are thinking as distinguished from what they are doing." Walter de la Mare said that it recalled to him the street-cry of London eel-mongers: "All alive-O!" In its attention to current thought Canby's front-page editorials bore a prominent part. They were limited to one column, so that they often came up to their conclusion with a sudden bump, but they were hardly the worse for that.

THE time was right, as we can see now, for this venture. Large bodies of thoughtful Americans were nursing different types of disillusionment and revolt. Some were in rebellion against the liberalism which had failed to prevent the Great War and the butchery of ten million young men. Some had risen against the genteel tradition, some against big business and big finance, and some against the political reaction embodied in Harding and the Senatorial Old Guard. In a demoralized, even anarchic time, they were anxious to hear of new salvations. And in the thickets of contemporaneous letters and thought, where was a guide?

An almost total void existed. The *Nation* had long performed the sterling service of giving the learned world every week an objective and authoritative account of those works that were important to academic and scientific circles—though it did little else. Now, however, the *Nation* had become radically leftist, and the editors gave its limited literary criticism a strong political coloration. The *New Republic* wore similar fetters. The Chicago *Dial* was dead. New York's metropolitan dailies provided only wooden attention to books and ideas, a few solid articles furnishing a veneer for columns of vapid comment, written in terms that would give no publisher offense. Before long Sherman and Irita Van Doren would strike out boldly with *Herald Tribune Books*, but as yet the *Herald* and *Tribune* were not even united. Seeing the void, Canby filled it with authority, but without pedantry; with courage, but without

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prejudice; with faith that America still had genius, but without the silly enthusiasm that made goslings into swans.

HIS service was so important that when the *Evening Post* met its sad end, it was unthinkable that his review should not be salvaged. In fact, it was not only saved but invigorated. When *The Saturday Review of Literature* printed its first issue on August 2, 1924, with seventy-two broad, long columns in twenty-four attractively printed pages, readers could see how granite a foundation Canby and his staff had laid during the previous four years. It was not primarily their courage in the crisis, or Thomas W. Lamont's generosity, or the help of *Time*, that saved the weekly. It was the fact that they had created something the country could not do without. A host of librarians, writers, students, and plain readers made that conclusion clear.

Those first issues of the *SRL* still exhale the humanism that was so refreshing in the mid-Twenties. The post of honor each week is given to Canby's sensible brief editorials. Essayists have space to cross their legs and speak with leisurely grace: Bertrand Russell on scientific method, John Gould Fletcher on Emily Dickinson, Arnold Whitridge on his grandfather Matthew Arnold. Joseph Conrad had just died; William McFee and Stephen Graham do justice to his work, while an English correspondent sends a vivid impression of his funeral. Edwin Arlington Robinson publishes a poem, "After the War." Richard Aldington discusses Sacheverell Sitwell's volume on baroque art, William Allen White a book by Walter Millis, and Canby himself Edith Wharton's "Old New York." Christopher Morley has transferred to the weekly his Bowling Green, down which the balls at first spin uncertainly, for he is in Europe, having loaned his Roslyn house and car to Simeon Strunsky. But he soon swings into characteristic form with a paper on bicycling and a nightmare pun: "They toil not, neither do they Spinoza." The PHOENIX NEST, tended by Benét and Miss Loveman, offers literary news. Yes, such a weekly was indispensable.

CANBY could not know when he founded his weekly that the 1920s were to prove one of the best decades in American literature, rich in poetry, drama, and fiction. He could not know that between Coolidge's election and Roosevelt's defeat of Landon the United States was to witness as bright a blooming of thought and aspiration as our political, social, and economic gardens have ever shown. In fifteen years the country was intellectually remade as fully as in Jeffersonian and Jacksonian days. But he wrought with an inner hope that something like this might come to pass, and helped build conditions which made part of the fruition more easily achievable. Any period of prolific authorship and wide experimentalism needs some guiding star, in America more than in most lands.

In his early teaching years Canby had thought of writing a history of American letters, viewed against their social and intellectual backgrounds. Mentioning this in the preface to his "Classic Americans," he remarks that "a busy editorial life has made such an ambitious project impracticable," while he elsewhere comments that the enterprise was premature, for our literature was not yet ripe for it. He had also a period during which he thought of a career as a critic, a Saintsbury or More if not a Sainte-Beuve. In the end he did help plan the three-volume cooperative "Literary History of the United States," in which many hands accomplished a better result than any one man could have done. In accepting his editorship he chose the better part. Perhaps he did not have the passion for research and synthesis that marks the born historian; perhaps he lacked the intellectual subtlety of a More. But he did have the gifts of an admirable editor, and the thoroughness with which he had steeped himself in the intellectual past of the country gave him an indispensable part of his editorial equipment.

"Criticism at its best may be truly creative," Canby once admonished his readers. He wished, I think, to see the *Saturday Review* more than a humane, civilized, clever periodical; he hoped to make it creative in three ways.

First, he wished to impart to readers his own fervent interest in American literature, past and present. As a university man, he had no illusions about the comparative rank of this literature, artistically considered. We have no Miltons, Wordsworths, or Thackerays.

(*Continued on page* 38)

The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE
EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

Good and Bad Reviewing

After the War

Timely and Timeless

This Week

Next Week, and Later

William Rose Benét

Amy Loveman

Christopher Morley

The three distinguished editors pictured above, now all deceased, began their long association with Henry Seidel Canby as staff members of the sparkling literary supplement which Mr. Canby initiated in 1920 for the New York Evening Post. Later, the entire staff left the newspaper and founded the independent Saturday Review of Literature, the first issue of which (left) appeared on August 2, 1924. The new magazine quickly established itself as an important force in American letters. After a brilliant twelve-year tenure, Mr. Canby retired as chief editor in 1936; his successors have been Bernard DeVoto, George Stevens, and the present editor. As the magazine's range of interests became more general, its title was shortened in 1956 to The Saturday Review, and in 1958 to Saturday Review.

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Acute Angles of a Triangle

By Granville Hicks

IN ALL of her five novels Iris Murdoch has written about the absurdity of human behavior, especially the behavior of people in love. Sometimes she has written fiercely, as in "Under the Net," and sometimes tenderly, as in "The Sandcastle," but she has always written with intelligence and detachment. Apparently nothing that human beings do can surprise her.

What the characters do in **"A Severed Head"** (Viking, $3.95) may not cause Miss Murdoch to raise an eyebrow, but most readers will be progressively amazed. This is probably the most complicated love story ever written. At first we see only a simple triangle. Here is Martin Lynch-Gibbon, the narrator, forty-one years of age, a man with a sizable income, a job that does not take much of his time, and expensive tastes. Here is his mistress, Georgie Hands, an instructor at the London School of Economics, considerably younger than he. And here is his wife, Antonia, with whom, he says, he is in love and to whom he wants to remain married.

The triangle is quickly knocked out of shape, for Martin comes home from an afternoon with his mistress to hear his wife's announcement that she is in love with Palmer Anderson, who is her and his psychiatrist. The discovery that his wife has been unfaithful and wants to leave him might, of course, seem to simplify matters by freeing Martin to marry Georgie, but in fact he finds that his interest in Antonia is quickened. To complicate matters that would seem complicated enough, he himself finds Anderson attractive, and he is candid enough to admit that the attraction may in part be sexual. He assumes the role of complaisant husband, while Antonia and Anderson, for their part, seek to keep him as closely attached to them as possible.

At this point, when Martin is emotionally involved with Antonia, with Georgie, and with Anderson, he meets Anderson's half-sister, Honor Klein, an anthropologist, and from the first he feels in her a dark sort of power. She warns him that his kind of compromise won't work, and she does her best to see that it doesn't work, for she discovers his relationship with Georgie and tells Anderson, who tells Antonia. This revelation has as strange an effect on Antonia as her disclosure of her affair with Anderson had on Martin.

And now, after a violent physical battle with Honor, Martin realizes that he is in love with her, in love as he has never been with anyone in his life. He follows her to Cambridge, breaks into her apartment, and finds her in bed—and what a moment this is!—with her half-brother. It is, moreover, apparent to him that this is a liaison of long standing.

WHEN I had read so much of the novel, I felt that Miss Murdoch had given the screw its last possible turn, but I underestimated her resourcefulness. She turns it again and again and yet again. I shall reveal no more of the story, but merely say that surprise follows surprise to the last chapter.

"A Severed Head" is a singularly compelling story, not merely because something surprising is always happening but also because each surprise entails a further revelation about the people in the book. As in Lawrence Durrell's "Alexandria Quartet," the reader is just beginning to be convinced that he understands one character or another when he learns something that drastically changes his opinion. And, again like Durrell's work, this is an extraordinary *tour de force*, for Miss Murdoch employs a first-person narrative, as Durrell does in three parts of the "Quartet."

Both Durrell and Miss Murdoch are relativists, but both do seem to believe that truth can be approached if it cannot be grasped. At the end of the "Quartet" Darley is achieving maturity as a poet, and there are intimations that he may be able to establish a stable relationship with Clea. So in "A Severed Head" there are degrees of absurdity, and it is Honor Klein who speaks for reason or at least for responsibility.

Early in the book Martin says to his wife, "You can't have everything, Antonia," and, "with glowing eyes," she replies, "I can try, my darling, I can try!" She does try, and so do most of the others. Only Honor knows how futile the effort is.

> You cannot cheat the dark gods, Mr. Lynch-Gibbon [she tells him]. Perhaps it is no business of mine if you choose to be powerless and to abandon your wife. But everything in this life has to be paid for, and love too has to be paid for. Why does my brother, who is rich, always charge high fees even to poor patients? Because without payment he could not speak to their condition. Without payment they would be wretched. They would be captives. I believe you love my brother. But you do him no good by letting him off. He wants, he needs, your harshness, your criticism, even your violence. By gentleness you only spare yourself and prolong this enchantment of untruth which they have woven about themselves and about you too. Sooner or later you will have to become a centaur and kick your way out.

This is in part enigmatic, but Honor is nothing if not an enigmatic character, and most so when she seeks to explain herself. "I am a severed head," she tells Martin, "such as primitive tribes and old alchemists used to use, anointing it with oil and putting a morsel of gold upon its tongue to make it utter prophecies. And who knows but that long acquaintance with a severed head might not lead to strange knowledge." It is certainly strange knowledge that Honor seems to have, and one wonders what such a person as Martin Lynch-Gibbon could have made of it and of her.

What Miss Murdoch seems to be saying is that, whereas the others are absurd in superficial ways, Honor is absurd in a profound way. Her wisdom is like the wisdom of the primitive peoples she has professionally studied. She encourages violence in Martin, and she seems gratified when that violence is turned against her. There is a quite magnificent scene in which she displays her skill with a Samurai sword. It is perhaps not too much to say that, if the other characters exhibit the absurdity of conventional society, she exhibits the absurdity that is inherent in the universe itself.

BUT if the meanings of the book are sometimes elusive, its merits as a piece of fiction are manifest. Miss Murdoch is as adroit a storyteller as anyone I know, and she is superb in "The Severed Head." The reader, as I have suggested, is swept from scene to scene and from revelation to revelation. Despite the complexity of the plot, Miss Murdoch has it completely in hand, and the reader is never in the dark except when she wants him to be. The style, while completely appropriate to Martin Lynch-Gibbon, is lucid and often witty. It is a novel that gives great pleasure by virtue of both intelligence and high craftsmanship.

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FOREIGN BASES

Skeleton in the U. S. Closet

"Little Brown Brother: How the United States Purchased and Pacified the Philippine Islands at the Century's Turn," by Leon Wolff *(Doubleday. 364 pp. $4.95), discloses a shameful period in American history. General Carlos P. Romulo, Philippine Ambassador to the U.S., is the author of "I Walked with Heroes."*

By Carlos P. Romulo

THE ROLE played by America in a flush of imperialist adventure that catapulted her into a Big Power status led to a war so ruthless that, even today, reading about it in these pages, one winces underneath the cool exterior, and one also is saddened by the tragic fact that such blood-letting could not have been averted by what we now know as diplomacy. The Americans came in waves, and the "water cure" and the "rope cure" were used as some of the consummate means of torture and death; the killing of an American soldier was avenged by the burning of a whole town and of all its residents, without regard to sex or age.

Even as late as 1902, after more than three years of warfare, and after the capture of General Emilio Aguinaldo by a ruse planned and executed by General Frederick Funston, death stained Philippine soil: 4,234 American dead; more than 20,000 Filipino dead; and between 1899 and 1902 there were an estimated 250,000 Filipino civilians dead. This in the name of "Duty," "Destiny," "Dollars," and "Divinity." For more than three years the Philippines were a veritable human slaughterhouse, with the Balangiga affair and the stand of General Malvar in 1902 capping the whole sorry business, completing, finally and irrevocably, the conquest of a people with just aspirations for freedom and independence.

During this unfortunate period the "Philippine Insurrection" was being debated in the United States by two factions: the imperialist group composed of Albert Beveridge, William McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt, Admiral Mahan, Senator Cyrus Sulloway, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Charles Denby, Whitelaw Reid; and the anti-imperialist group made up of The Anti-Imperialist League of Edward Atkinson and such men as William Jennings Bryan, Senators George F. Hoar and George G. Vest, Mark Twain, President Starr Jordan of Leland Stanford University, William Vaughn Moody, President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard, the psychologist William James, Andrew Carnegie, and Finley Peter Dunne, who wrote devastating satire as "Mr. Dooley." The anti-imperialists were eloquent, but in the end they proved ineffective, and even Bryan capitulated when it came time to ratify the Treaty of Paris of 1898, which ceded the Philippines to the United States. As for the imperialists, there is one thing that can be said of them: they were largely frank, and minced no words. Albert Beveridge expressed substantially their sentiments:

> Would not the people of the Philippines prefer the just, humane, civilizing government of this Republic to the savage, bloody rule of pillage and extortion from which we have rescued them? Shall we abandon them to . . . Germany, Russia, France, even Japan, hungering for them? . . .

And there was, of course, the commercial angle. It is said that Theodore Roosevelt in the national election campaign of 1900 made 700 speeches in twenty-four states, saying, "We are for expansion and anything else that will tend to benefit the American laborer and manufacturer."

Full of sarcasm, Andrew Carnegie wrote to Whitelaw Reid, former editor of the New York *Tribune*, mouthpiece of the Republican Administration:

> It is a matter of congratulation that you seem to have about finished your work of civilizing the Filipinos. It is thought that about eight thousand of them have been completely civilized and sent to Heaven.

On October 17, 1899, The League convened in Chicago and composed a declaration of principles demanding

"Four months ago I was nothing but skin and bone."
Dear Doctor,
After four months use of your Great Humanitarian-Expansion—Specific. You wouldn't know me. I am getting fatter and fatter and never felt better in my life.
Yours truly
U.S.
Philippines
Ladrone
Hawaii
Porto Rico
Cuba
Panama
Nelan

—*From Bettmann Archive.*

"Before and After Taking." Uncle Sam proudly informs his physician that the treatment has been a success. (N.Y. *Herald*)

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the "immediate cessation of the war against liberty, begun by Spain and continued by us. . . . We propose to contribute to the defeat of any person or party that stands for the forcible subjugation of any people."

Leon Wolff in fact indicts Admiral George Dewey, Generals Wesley E. Merritt and Elwell S. Otis, Consul General E. Spencer Pratt, Consul Rounceville Wildman, and Oscar F. Williams for their duplicity and ineptitude. In "Little Brown Brother" there is no question but that Admiral Dewey and these military and consular officers are shown to have betrayed the Filipinos, who were their allies, by denying that they promised the Filipinos, through Aguinaldo, their independence in return for Filipino military assistance against the Spanish forces. Wolff reveals that the Filipinos controlled not only Cavite but most of Luzon, and by June 27, 1898, had surrounded Manila and taken 2,500 Spanish prisoners. That very month General Aguinaldo issued the Philippine Declaration of Independence.

As General Aguinaldo notes in his book "A Second Look at America," it is difficult to believe that the Filipinos would fight with America against Spain, that Aguinaldo would do Dewey's bidding, without getting the latter's promise of independence. To the Secretary of the Navy, Dewey cabled on June 23, 1898, that in his opinion "these people are superior in intelligence and more capable of self-government than the natives of Cuba." The following October, when Filipino-American relations had deteriorated and when it appeared that Dewey and Spanish General Fermin Jaudenes had negotiated a mock battle that turned Manila over to American forces and kept the Filipino troops out, Dewey had reversed himself, and in a cable to the Secretary stated that "the natives appear unable to govern."

Wolff sets the record straight on this score and on the many misrepresentations of fact and judgment as to the strength of the Filipino army and the loyalty of the people toward Aguinaldo and his government. In an introduction to his bibliography, Wolff also confesses an "evident bias" that "the Filipinos were indeed capable of self-rule, that in any event the problem was not ours and that their forcible annexation was a moral wrong." But, alas, the course of empire was inexorable, and the imperialists, abetted by such inept and bureaucratic men as Merritt and Otis, were bent on proving that Aguinaldo's government and war effort against the American invader did not have the enthusiastic support of the majority of the Filipino people. In the classic "divide and rule" manner, they tried to make the American public believe that his support was limited to the "Tagals" (Tagalogs), against incontrovertible evidence to the contrary—"confirmed again and again," as Wolff stresses—sent back by American and other foreign newsmen, who were forced to employ other means to escape the rigid American censor in the Philippines.

THE truth is, as Wolff shows, that while the Filipinos were subjected to calumny and abusive language, and their honor and integrity assailed, their leaders, though in the prime of their lives, were for the most part during those bitter days the epitome of calm and reason and restraint. Time and again they offered to negotiate, but the American Army command rejected each overture contemptuously.

Aguinaldo, Apolinario Mabini, Generals Antonio Luna, Gregorio del Pilar, the colorful Juan Cailles, Tomás Mascardo and Miguel Malvar and Felipe Agoncillo and others emerge in these pages as true men and dedicated patriots, whose leadership was recognized by their people. They dealt in good faith with the Americans, who they thought were their allies. Even General Henry W. Lawton, the nemesis of Geronimo, had to admit that notwithstanding the disadvantages of lack of artillery, ammunition, etc., on the part of the Filipino soldiers, "they are the bravest men I have ever seen. . . . These men are indomitable. . . . "

The crime of these men was that they loved their country and people and were ready to die, like Patrick Henry and the heroes of the American Revolution, in defense of their honor and freedom. They were dedicated to the democratic and constitutional form of government which they embodied in the Constitution of the First Republic of January 20, 1899, and in which the rights and interests of the foreigner were protected.

Concludes Wolff:

> Today few doubt that they would have governed the islands adequately. Theirs was the first democratic constitution in Asia. They were supported by virtually every adult Filipino in the archipelago who had even the foggiest notion of what was taking place in Malolos.

Within a hundred days they had planned or created an official organ, *El Heraldo de la Revolución*; free compulsory education; a system of sec-

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

OUR EXCITABLE AUTHORS

Titles (of novels, poems, plays, *et al.*) that are graced with exclamation points are probably not so common as titles that display question marks, but there are some, as witness the following. Please assign them to the proper authors! Answers on page 32.

1. "Absalom, Absalom!" ( ) Conrad Aiken
2. "Ah, Wilderness!" ( ) Sherwood Anderson
3. "Ain't Angie Awful!" ( ) Gelett Burgess
4. "Beware!" ( ) Willa Cather
5. "Bring! Bring!" ( ) Thomas Dekker-John Webster
6. "Carry On!" ( ) William Faulkner
7. "Eastward Ho!" ( ) Hamlin Garland
8. "Fiorello!" ( ) Robert Graves
9. "Hello Towns!" ( ) Oscar Hammerstein II
10. "Inward Ho!" ( ) Charles Kingsley
11. "Iowa, O Iowa!" ( ) D. H. Lawrence
12. "Look! We Have Come Through" ( ) H. W. Longfellow
13. "My Head! My Head!" ( ) John Marston-George Chapman-Ben Jonson
14. "Oklahoma!" ( ) Christopher Morley
15. "O Pioneers!" ( ) Eugene O'Neill
16. "Pioneers, O Pioneers!" ( ) Robert W. Service
17. "Punch, Brothers, Punch!" ( ) Mark Twain
18. "So This Is Golf!" ( ) Jerome Weidman-George Abbott
19. "Westward Ho!" ( ) Walt Whitman
20. "Westward Ho!" ( ) Harry Leon Wilson

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ondary schools; a military academy at Malolos; a new fiscal and tax system; a reformed currency; a reorganized army commanded by Antonio Luna, numbering 50,000 troops, of whom 20,000 had rifles; a small navy; a diplomatic corps under the immediate supervision of Apolinario Mabini; departments of justice, courts, sanitation, etc.

Mr. Wolff, author of "In Flanders Field," writes with perception, and his narrative flows smoothly as history or as plain story. He has an eye for description and for character delineation. His writing is characterized by understatement and irony. But his judgment of Filipinos like Andres Bonifacio, whom he labels a "demagogue," will, I am certain, be disputed by the Filipino people themselves. He is wrong to call the Katipunan, the patriotic society that Bonifacio founded to overthrow Spanish rule in the Philippines, "murderous."

IN recreating both sides of this forgotten conflict Wolff draws upon a mass of contemporary writing, published documents, and the memoirs of Aguinaldo. One wishes that he had looked also into the works of Mabini himself, the "Philippine Insurgent Records," consisting of more than 80,000 pieces of original documents on the Philippine Revolution, which were turned over to the Philippine Government on October 27, 1958, from the National Archives in Washington, D. C., the John R. Thomas, Jr., Collection Relating to the Insurrectionist Government of the Philippines, 1898-1899, at the Library of Congress, and a recent doctoral work at Georgetown University, "A Study of the Rise and Fall of the First Democratic Republic in the Far East: The Philippines, 1898-1899," by Eduardo D. Serrano Austin.

Mr. Wolff's book is timely in the light of the emergence of the new nation states, which have swelled the membership of the U.N. to its present ninety-nine. It is also timely in another sense: it is, in fact, a warning that a repetition of America's own "Algeria" must not happen again in this era of thermonuclear rivalry between two Power Blocs. It is still more significant, as far as the Filipinos are concerned, in that this year is the centenary of the birth of the Filipinos' national hero, Dr. José Rizal, who with his novels and essays provided the spark that ignited the Philippine revolution, the origin of which was propelled by nothing more than a hatred of tyranny and injustice and a love of freedom and independence. This book authoritatively and objectively vindicates the Filipinos in the Philippine-American war.

Marriage of Convenience

"Spain and Defense of the West: Ally and Liability," by Arthur P. Whitaker *(Harper-Council on Foreign Relations. 390 pp. $6), questions whether an alliance with Spain was either necessary or advantageous to the United States. August Heckscher is director of the Twentieth Century Fund.*

By August Heckscher

THE UNITED STATES is not by any means the first country in the history of the world that has felt itself compelled, for the sake of the national interest, to enter into policies which it considered distasteful. Diplomacy has always had its unpleasant tasks. Relations with Spain have been over recent years a chore for the United States that could only be sweetened by calculations of national advantage. There have been a few, to be sure, who actually enjoyed drawing closer to Franco and mixing up our affairs with his; but for most Americans necessity and self-interest were the guides, and the final justification must be greater security for this country.

The question, therefore, is whether an alliance with Spain really was a necessity; and whether the gains derived from the alliance have been substantial and have outweighed the drawbacks. It is to this question that the present book is fundamentally addressed. The author, professor of Latin American history at the University of Pennsylvania, knows Spain well and has had firsthand experience with policy-making. His book was written under the auspices of the Council on Foreign Relations, and had the benefit of advice from a panel of experts. That it should be judicious, fair-minded, and authoritative is to be expected. In addition, it is well and lucidly written.

The book contains a large body of political and economic information about present-day Spain. Its principal theme, however, is the country's relations with the United States; its main subject matter is the development of the military bases now on Spanish soil. Mr. Whitaker does not conceal his own opinions. Though not given to preaching or viewing with alarm, he considers the necessity for the deal to have been something less than self-evident and its advantages less than conclusive. We went in, he points out, with the idea that our commitment was narrow and limited. But as the years since 1953 have gone by we have found ourselves drawn constantly deeper, our emotions becoming mixed with our practical sense, until the Eisenhower visit of 1959 climaxed a process of steadily deepening involvement.

Spain's strategic concern to the United States was indicated during World

(*Continued on page* 34)

"That was quite a housewarming you had last night, Yarmuk."

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PERSONAL HISTORY

More Than Manners

"Truly Emily Post," by Edwin Post *(Funk & Wagnalls. 249 pp. $4.50), is a son's-eye view of the celebrated arbiter of social behavior. Marjorie Hillis, author of "Live Alone and Like It," helped update "Vogue's Book of Etiquette" in the Thirties.*

By Marjorie Hillis

EDWIN POST'S biography of his mother, Emily Price Post, is an engaging picture not only of that almost legendary Lady of the Manners, but also of a period that seems curiously remote, considering that the author's contemporaries will remember it quite well and that, while they may not have moved in the Newport-Tuxedo set, bolstered by butlers, coachmen, and personal maids, their early lives were undoubtedly governed by much the same rigid rules and limitations.

It was a world that provided a perfect training for a future arbiter of manners. Born of well-to-do parents with impeccable background, Emily Post lived in a town house in Washington Square in the winters, a "cottage" in Tuxedo at the height of its exclusiveness during the spring and fall, visited Newport or Bar Harbor through the summer months, was sent to the "right" school, invited to the smartest parties, and married to an eligible and promising young man; in short, she learned what was "done" and the correct way to do it along with her ABCs. Any desire she had to step out of the picture was nipped in its early stages. She did appear in one amateur performance in Tuxedo, but her acting was good and she was never permitted to appear again, lest she develop an unseemly fondness for the theatre. And her interest in her father's work as an architect was too far outside the realm of suitability to be taken seriously.

Until she reached her thirties, Mrs. Post lived exactly the life she was expected to lead. And a very charming life it was. Her husband was successful in his business and becoming more so every year. Her two sons were healthy and happy. She herself was beautiful, witty, and an accomplished hostess. The Posts had innumerable friends, all beyond reproach as to social position, and they were in demand

—*From the book.*

Mrs. Post and sons — "simplicity and sincerity."

wherever society gathered, both here and abroad. The one fly in the ointment was the relationship between Mrs. Post's mother-in-law and her own parents, which was extremely prickly. The elder Mrs. Post was a militantly religious woman, who disapproved of everything with a worldly flavor. Her particular interest at the time of her son's engagement was the crusade waged by Dr. Charles Parkhurst in the Tenderloin, a project with which Mr. Price had no patience. Dr. Parkhurst's name headed Mrs. Post's list of guests to be invited to the wedding and was promptly crossed off by the Prices, starting a life-long coolness which complicated matters for the young couple (but perhaps further developed in the young Mrs. Post the very useful quality of tact).

There was, of course, nothing to be said against letter writing in even the best circles, and Emily Post wrote long and entertaining letters to her mother whenever she went to a house-party in the French château of some old friend, to a castle in Germany, or on a motor trip through Southern Europe. Mrs. Price saved the letters and one day showed them to George Baker, the foremost editor of his day in the popular-magazine field. He in turn urged Emily Post to use them for the basis of a novel, and this she did, starting a career that was to increase in scope—and profit—as long as she lived.

The novel, called "The Flight of a Moth," appeared as a serial in *Ainslie's* magazine and was the first of a series that was read by a large audience which enjoyed knowing how the rich and the elegant lived. Inevitably it created considerable gossip in the author's own world, but most of her friends considered her writing a passing fancy. Her mother-in-law, however, regarded it as a very bad sign. She even hinted, though she found it hard to say the word, that it might lead to Divorce. It didn't, but a much-publicized scandal in her husband's life did a few years later.

This was the beginning of a serious life as a career woman for Mrs. Post. Up to then she had done her writing in the early mornings and continued to live a social life through the rest of the day. Nevertheless for some time she had felt that this was not enough and had wondered if her friends were really satisfied. Her writing had been an outlet and she was ready and eager to give more time to it.

Besides, for a time (until after her mother's death) there was a need for economy. To many readers economy will not seem quite the right word, since she still managed to take her maid on her frequent trips to Europe, with the usual round of visits. And though she gave up the coachman who had long served her, when he bought her horse and carriage she somehow used them as regularly as in the past. But Mrs. Post lived most of the year at Tuxedo, cut down on servants, and worked hard at her writing and at a second undertaking—the making of models of interiors of houses then in the process of building. Her own invention, this proved useful to architects and profitable for her, besides being a help in remodeling her own houses in town and at Martha's Vineyard in later years.

In the books and articles that she wrote at this period, her specialty was the difference between American and European standards of marriage. It was a time when more and more marriages between rich American girls and impoverished noblemen were ending in divorce courts, and Emily Post's large public was fascinated when she told them why.

It was Frank Crowninshield who was responsible for her turning to her most successful subject. A publisher friend wanted an encyclopedia of etiquette written and "Crownie" suggested Emily Post as the author. Busy with her models and scornful of the idea, she refused the offer flatly. Crownie, however, sent her a thick volume entitled "Etiquette" and advertised by such slogans as "Everybody Tittered When I Took an Olive with My Fork." This so offended Mrs. Post that she changed

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her mind. "I'll write a book about etiquette," she said. "A sensible book. It'll be a small one. I haven't got much to say anyway."

What happened from then on has become a legend. "Etiquette: the Blue Book of Social Usage," by Emily Post (far from a small book) became a runaway best-seller. It went into edition after edition, brought the author thousands of letters, led to innumerable articles and other books, a magazine column, and a radio program that lasted eight years, and made her name synonymous with etiquette.

This was of course no accident. Emily Post wrote about what she knew and she wrote what she promised—a sensible book. It recognized that good manners are a matter of doing what is kind, considerate, and suitable to the occasion, and not which fork one uses. It was a sincere book, and the public recognized it for what it was. It still does.

"Truly Emily Post" is a sensible book too. It tells what the reader wants to know—what kind of a woman she was, how she met the ups and downs of family life and the personal losses that came to her, what made her write, and her reaction to success. Like his mother, Edwin Post writes with simplicity and sincerity.

Early the following morning she had a call from Frank Crowninshield, now editor and publisher of the new and chic magazine *Vanity Fair*. "Look here, Emily," he began, "did my friend Richard Duffy get hold of you?"

"What do you mean," she demanded, "setting a book salesman on my trail?"

"Book salesman?"

"He wanted to sell me an encyclopedia."

She heard Crownie's laugh.

"Not sell you an encyclopedia, darling. He wants you to write one."

"Me? What kind of encyclopedia?"

"An encyclopedia of etiquette."

Dismay and exasperation almost overcame her. "It's the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of."

"Now don't tell me you're not interested. It was I who told Duffy you were the one person in the country to do it."

"I am not interested, and I don't wish to be bothered. Really, Crownie, you should know me better than that."

She was so exasperated she hung up.

—*From "Truly Emily Post."*

Assassination or Suicide?

"Betrayal at the U.N.: The Story of Paul Bang-Jensen," by DeWitt Copp and Marshall Peck *(Devin-Adair. 276 pp. $4.75), insists that the deputy secretary of the U.N. Special Committee on Hungary did not kill himself on Thanksgiving Day 1959, but was murdered. Nicholas G. Balint is the author of "Meet Your Allies in War and Peace" and "Aims of the United Nations."*

By Nicholas G. Balint

THIS book is an offspring of the Hungarian uprising in 1956, when the countrymen of Kossuth and Petöfi, the freedom-loving Magyars, revolted against the Russians. The revolution started as a peaceful manifestation of sympathy with the Polish demonstrators who had demanded more freedom for Poland. But while the Poles, through Gomulka's determination and shrewd negotiations, exacted some concessions from Khrushchev, the Hungarian revolt ended in a terrible blood bath.

The most prominent victim of the short-lived revolution was Imre Nagy, Prime Minister of the revolutionary government. The hero of "Betrayal at the U.N.," however, is not a Hungarian but a Dane. Paul Bang-Jensen, a former lawyer and diplomat, was deputy secretary of the U.N. Special Committee on Hungary, to which the General Assembly assigned the almost impossible task of ascertaining from the outside what had happened inside Hungary during the revolt.

—*Wide World.*

Paul Bang-Jensen—"gallant Dane."

Mr. Bang-Jensen's job was to present the Hungarian refugee witnesses for hearings and to help write the committee report. In interpreting and discharging his official responsibilities, Bang-Jensen ran into sharp disagreements with his superiors, notably with Mr. William Jordan, secretary of the committee. Bitter accusations and counter-accusations were made over the accuracy of the report and over the list of witnesses who wished to remain anonymous. The secret list was in Bang-Jensen's possession, and the gallant Dane, in order to protect the refugees, refused to hand it over even to the Secretary-General, who appointed him to the job. The investigations that followed did not uphold Bang-Jensen; in fact, because of misconduct, he was eventually dismissed.

About a year later, on Thanksgiving Day 1959, his body was found in a Long Island park, not far from the house where he lived with his American-born wife and five children. The police found a revolver in his right hand, a farewell note in his wallet; and, after interviewing forty people, they pronounced Bang-Jensen a suicide.

Was he a suicide or a victim of murder? DeWitt Copp and Marshall Peck, authors of this book, have tried hard to prove the theory of murder. They build their case around a Russian who decided to defect to the West and who selected Bang-Jensen as his contact-man. According to this story, the Dane had to be liquidated, for he knew too much for his enemies' comfort.

To his psychiatrist, Bang-Jensen spoke of "sinister forces" at the U.N. but never described them to him. "They forced him down that wretched path to it"—meaning to suicide—maintained another informant. When the authors pressed specifically for the identity of the *they* this is what they were told: "When you have read all the documentation on the case—when you've talked to everyone concerned—you'll see who 'they' are . . . specifically." "No matter who pulled the trigger," conclude the authors of this book, "it was murder."

Though the U.N. may not have acted with swift resoluteness to save the Hungarian revolution, allegations that

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"Communist influence on the thirty-eighth floor" (where the offices of the Secretary-General are) prevented swifter action remained unsupported by evidence. Surely, freedom-loving people everywhere would have rejoiced to see the U.N. flag over the Parliament building in Budapest or U.N. soldiers marching in the Liberty Square of that city. But would the Russians have accepted U.N. intervention or would such intervention have become a prelude to even graver international crisis?

While the authors have not spared time and effort to bring out the facts, "Betrayal at the U.N." unfortunately is not, as the dust jacket claims, "one of the most exciting suspense stories of our time. . . ."

A KNIGHT ON BOARDS: You'll find no drugs, alcohol, or sordid affairs in **"A Victorian in Orbit: The Irreverent Memoirs of Sir Cedric Hardwicke,"** as told to James Brough (Doubleday, $4.50). Instead, you'll meet a man from a solid background who decided to become an actor and worked his way up to a knighthood. Having done it all, he now chooses to reminisce about his career and the people with whom it brought him into contact. Obviously, since Sir Cedric gained his fame on talent alone, he feels that his private life beyond those facts that the average man would reveal about himself are no one's concern but his own. It is refreshing to read a man who says only this about the end of one marriage and the beginning of another: ". . . with my marriage to Helena ended in England, Mary became my second wife."

It does appear though that someone was nervous about trying to sell a closet without a skeleton. Hence the cute title and the even cuter, and perhaps suggestive, subtitle. Throughout the text names are dropped and trivial anecdotes forced in to beef things up. To end the book on an "upbeat" note, since Sir Cedric has had the effrontery to talk seriously in the closing chapters about the theatre and the acting profession, there has been added "A Handbook for Interviewers," five pages of clever answers with questions tacked to them. I seriously doubt that an actor of the talent, intelligence, and integrity required to gain the respect and friendship of George Bernard Shaw would answer the question "How do you choose a part?" with "I read the contract first."

Despite all of the fatty trimmings, the final impression is of a man of dignity in a profession that has reduced the word to a synonym for obscurity. The book, happily, is more Hardwicke than Hard Sell. —HASKEL FRANKEL.

FICTION

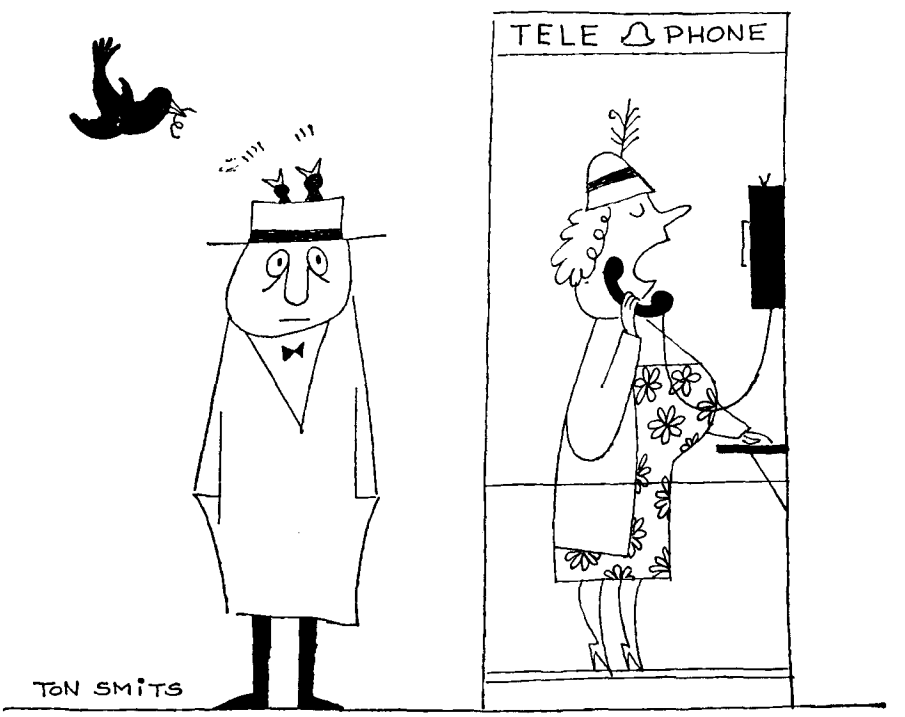
The Blaze and the Tenderness

"No Signposts in the Sea," by V. Sackville-West *(Doubleday. 144 pp. $2.95), records in diary form a brief and thwarted love. British fiction is of particular interest to literary critic and biographer Aileen Pippett.*

By Aileen Pippett

THERE is more in this short novel than in many twice its length, but not more than could be expected from this author. A deceptively simple style, supple, elegant, and firm, shows the discipline of the poet who won the coveted Hawthornden Prize and the skill of the newspaperwoman who until quite recently contributed a highly appreciated gardening article weekly to the London paper *The Observer.* Her acute intelligence, wide knowledge, and sympathetic understanding were manifest in biographies and in numerous novels, notably "The Edwardians" (now again available in a Viking paperback) and "All Passion Spent," which is in the same mood as the present volume.

The last-named book told of the serenity attained by a very old woman looking back on a rich but troubled life. Now we have, in the form of a diary of a man at sea in more ways than one, the brief and poignant story of two lovers in early middle age. Edmund Carr, chief editorial writer on an important London newspaper, has set out on a leisurely world cruise in order to be with Laura, a widow he has recently come to know and to love. He will not speak about his feelings, for he has no future he can ask her to share, being under medical sentence of imminent death. He does not realize until too late that her liking has deepened into love, and his journal ends abruptly on the night when, ignorant of his secret and bewildered by his failure to respond to her clear invitations, she calls him a fool, a blind fool. Unfounded jealousy of a fellow passenger and his excessive humility prevent him from seeing that his love is returned, but in other ways Edmund, facing extinction, is far from blind. Profound changes take place in his outlook. The power-seeking that formerly drove him loses its force, the hard materialism that was his creed is abandoned, and his eyes open upon a new world. He takes an idyllic view of the life glimpsed on strange shores, even though a cluster of lights may indicate a leper colony or a penal settlement,



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for he desires only new experience and understanding. His mind ceases to be a filing case of apt quotations, though these still serve him, for he has joined the ranks of the poets; his Laura has brought forth her Petrarch.

His diary is no tourist guide but a record of delight in natural beauty, hitherto unobserved or unsuspected: the uplifted arm of a woman carrying a pitcher on her head, the birdlike cry of a fisherman announcing his return home, the tiny rainbows springing from the crests of waves or raindrops pattering from leaves after a brief tropical storm, an occasional green flash in the sky at sunset, the rare splendor of an electric storm, "the heavens one vast cavern of light, endless, and the sea endless too, for there was no horizon to divide them. And it seemed to me that love was like that, all radiance and no boundaries."

This is above all a love story. It is melancholy but not morbid, for the lovers are real people, whose experiences we imaginatively share. Laura, at first a misty figure, grows in stature and living warmth, so that the grief of her loss is sharply felt, and Edmund's perversely mistaken attitude towards her is redeemed by the dignity, courage, and quiet acceptance of his fate. The core of the book lies in their talks about love, "from the small acorn of passion to the rooted tree," the true marriage which includes sex and companionship, "the blaze of light and also the detail, the infinite tenderness of discovery."

These reflections are not new; their very familiarity adds to their force. Every page yields something to refresh the mind and quicken the memory. The richness of texture and depth of feeling show this to be the work of a mature mind and a skilled artist, worthy to rank with the best she has ever written.

Real Estate: Restricted

"Peaceable Lane," by Keith Wheeler *(Simon & Schuster. 345 pp. $4.50), and* ***"First Family," by Christopher Davis*** *(Coward-McCann. 253 pp. $3.95), deal in different ways with the ventures of Negroes into white suburbs, a milieu well known to Thomas E. Cooney.*

By Thomas E. Cooney

HERE are two novels that approach an urgently topical subject from different artistic directions. The subject is the "invasion" of an upper-middle-class suburban neighborhood by a Negro family. Keith Wheeler's "Peaceable Lane" is a fast-moving, heavily plotted social fable whose characters are shiny, market-researched products right off the assembly line of the cliché factory. In contrast, "First Family," by Christopher Davis, is a subtle psychological study of an adolescent whose moral growing pains are exacerbated by the insupportable fate that makes him a genius, an epileptic, and a Negro whose parents are determined to throw him into their battle to solve the white problem.

Despite such differences of approach, the two authors have made two strikingly similar decisions about character and narrative. Each apparently decided that the white people's reaction to the new neighbors had to be entirely to race, rather than to cultural or economic status. Thus in "Peaceable Lane" Lamar Winter, the head of the Negro family, is a highly successful commercial artist with a college-bred wife. And in "First Family" young Scott McKinley, with his precocious intelligence and talent, is like a combination of John Stuart Mill and Thomas Chatterton, while his father is a university professor and his mother, who is the real driving force in the family's move, is an aggressive, charming, domineering intellectual. Each author apparently could not imagine his hero either holding or retreating from the position he had taken in white man's land, and the result in each story is an Aristotelian tragic ending.

In style and in depth of feeling and characterization, however, the two books are widely different. "Peaceable Lane" is intended to be tense and disquieting. A smoldering bomb decorates its cover, which falls open insistently

to reveal a black, black end paper, and Mr. Wheeler works hard—and obviously—to achieve tension. Each character so symmetrically mixes good and evil in his nature, and finds himself so evenly opposed by others, that the plot seems artificial and coincidence-ridden.

In fact, the central conflict of the story is a coincidence. Matt Jones is a New York advertising man who is the reluctant leader of Peaceable Lane's neighborhood campaign to "preserve real estate values" by outmaneuvering the unidentified Negro who is trying to buy a local house. He is shocked to discover that his hidden adversary is Lamar Winter, the commercial artist, a proud and prickly personality and a good friend with whom Jones himself works on several accounts. Jones therefore switches sides, hoping to redress what he now sees as a wrong to his friend. This means, of course, that he is betraying his white collaborators. He makes a platoon of enemies, whose motives range from snobbery to blood lust, but wins through to a solution that is workable and morally satisfying, at least to him. He gains this end not because he is committed to abstract justice but because he is honestly sensitive to the human needs of his family, his neighbors, and his Negro friend. There is a lesson in this that deserves better realization. But the lesson is distorted by a contrived plot and a style that jars the reader with incessant satirical exaggeration and a continual forcing of verbs.

In "First Family" the style, while not distinguished, has the great virtue of invisibility, and the plot is a natural unfolding of relationships. The real-estate maneuverings are secondary here to the complex life that Scott McKinley must lead as he carries the heavy burden of his intellect through a puppy-love affair with the white girl next door, Kate Charles, through a semester of unchallenging high school study, and through a rising cyclone of emotional conflict between his mother, Rachel, and Kate's good-hearted but confused mother. Nothing at all is resolved in Mr. Davis's story, but Scotty emerges as an unusual kind of prodigy: witty in conversation, loving in filial relations, and passionate in all undertakings.

Thus, though the two books share a fascinating subject, they do not explore it the same way. Keith Wheeler makes a valid philosophical point and generates plenty of morbid fascination with the theme of racial conflict. Christopher Davis takes as his theme the conflict of a born outsider with a world he understands too well, and generates human beings. Read "Peaceable Lane," then, as a powerful tract, and "First Family" as literary art.

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Beware of the Gray Fox

"The Owl Hoots Twice at Catfish Bend," by Ben Lucien Burman *(Taplinger. 115 pp. $2.95), is a humorous fantasy, which, like "Seven Stars for Catfish Bend" and "High Water at Catfish Bend," may be read on a number of levels. Roland B. Dickison is dean of Arkansas College in Batesville.*

By Roland B. Dickison

BEN LUCIEN BURMAN'S way with words is notably easy, and anyone, child or adult, familiar or not familiar with his previous successes, will enjoy the flow and fun of "The Owl Hoots Twice at Catfish Bend." Not that it's all fun, for Burman has written a tale in the great tradition of the beast-epic, a genre that flourished as early as the thirteenth century and before, and within it he has managed to convey an eerie sound of danger in the night, the presence of evil disguised as friendship.

Doc Raccoon, statesman and strategist, tells the story, in first person. The gray fox arrives, tattered and torn, a refugee from the New Orleans zoo. "His single eye was shifty and wicked as an alligator's; . . . his smile was like you were walking on oil." He is followed, as soon as the sympathy of the Catfish Bend folk permits him to stay, by a wharf rat, and again the peaceful community votes to admit him, because "he could teach us a lot of things we needed to know."

The infiltrators' first tactic is to do favors for the animal inhabitants, offering to steal eggs for Judge Black, the black snake who spouts aphorisms and is continually trying to live down the bad name of the snake. But soon the fox and rat turn superior, and begin effecting social change. The first two changes seem obviously good ones, but before long the interlopers' true character begins to assert itself; they steal eggs, and begin undermining the Pact that the animals had made with the birds, just before the old bald eagle had flown off to Washington to pose for a new half dollar. It's at this point that Doc Raccoon hears the owl hoot twice, meaning that trouble is coming; and it comes in a hurry. The next few social innovations boomerang, and the break comes when the bank that the fox starts, "one big hole where everyone kept his belongings," proves corrupt, and the fox attempts to pin the blame on Doc Raccoon. A vote is held and all but the rabbit, the watchman goose, the frog, the beaver, "our own red fox, Judge Black and me" join the gray fox and the rat. The cold war with the birds turns suddenly hot, Raccoon imports an army of tough tomcats, and Burman winds up the fable with excitement and wit.

Alice Caddy, the author's wife, adds to the humor with her line interpretations, and Robert Hillyer gives an enthusiastic introduction, indicating that Burman would be eligible for the Nobel Prize if it weren't for his optimism. This is going a bit too far, and Judge Black would probably comment that we must keep our sense of proportion. The book may be funny, and the ending seemingly happy, but the insight into the absurdities of our national character is too cutting to justify the term "optimism." For the discerning reader the satire is almost mordant. Catfish Bend can lie in the Potomac as well as the Mississippi; we can all be too amiable and innocent; we can be duped by gray fox duplicity; we have had and are having a cold war. The hypothetical question is, if it turns hot, would we have the sense to use the tomcats, and if so, would they attack birds as well as wharf rats? The implications of the answer are not automatically optimistic.

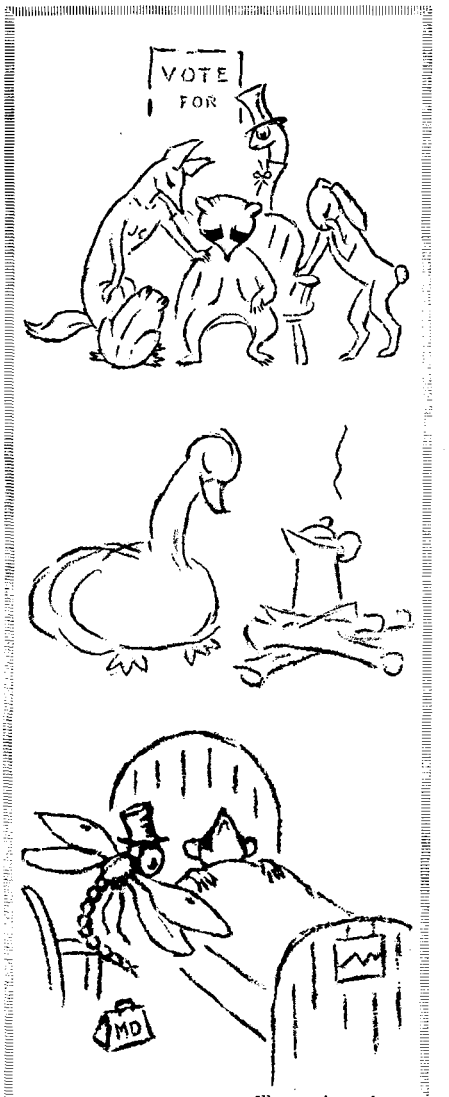
ILL-BEGOTTEN CHILD: "If he'd killed me—they'd avenge me. They have an answer to violence if it ends in death. But this awful life inside of me, they have nothing for that." Thus Barbara Owens, the ill-fated wife of a small-town schoolteacher in Diana Chang's new novel, **"A Passion for Life"** (Random House, $4.95), rails against God, justice, life, people, indeed her own conscience, rationalizing her refusal to report to the authorities that she has been raped and is carrying the rapist's child.

Suffering under the delusion that well-behaved ladies aren't supposed to be victims of sexual assault, and fearing that their fellow New Englanders will censure them, the Owenses attempt to "get rid" of the unborn child. Their efforts lead them only to the realization that "to be free is to be responsible."

The moral issues raised by the central characters, and by a Jewish doctor and a nonconforming artist trying to blend themselves into this rural potpourri of prejudice, extend far beyond the range of picket-fence slander to a universal cacophony of man pitted against society, fate, and instinct.

Clearly, Miss Chang has heard these sounds before. She seems intimately informed on the subject of bigotry. In her respect for duty, her feeling for life's abounding sorrows and the frailty of human existence, she exhibits marked characteristics of Chinese literature. The absence of obscenity in dealing with a sensational theme shows that she has the Oriental's delicate sense of good taste.

With the exception of a dénouement that simply crumbles away like a Chinese fortune cookie, the style is gripping and precise. Other American novelists could learn much from Miss Chang. —JOAN BOSTWICK.



—Illustrations from "The Owl Hoots Twice at Catfish Bend."

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The Genus Everyman

"The Man Who Feels Left Behind," by Gerald W. Johnson *(Morrow. 170 pp. $4), assesses America's tribulations. Wilson Sullivan is assistant editor of the Winchester, Massachusetts, Star.*

By Wilson Sullivan

ONLY his most permissive friends will insist that Gerald W. Johnson assures his permanence in "The Man Who Feels Left Behind."

Flip, puffy, and homiletic, this collection of articles purports to assess the status of Genus Joe Doakes, bewildered by a complex world he never made. In an impersonal era of Fission, Fusion, and the Fifteen-Cent Cigar, Joe feels left behind in the swish of progress, asked to grasp Ultimate Matters when he has all he can do to hold his electric toothbrush.

Well, it's a nice topic, but Mr. Johnson fumbles it early and never makes a recovery. He offers, instead, a chipper review of national afflictions, old and new: integration in Dixie, ascendant stinkers in Baltimore, fluctuations in Union and Confederate currency, and the terrible mind of H. L. Mencken. The product of this tour, conducted with Mr. Johnson's extraordinary blend of cracker barrel and arcanum, is a book only more ponderous than presumptuous.

Intermittently, of course, there is vintage Johnson. He twits the Un-American Activities Committee (after Pope) for "breaking a butterfly upon a wheel." He decries a nuclear power that can "blow you out of bed and into Abraham's bosom." And he offers this precious morsel of Brahminiana: "Sir, . . . there are not six men in Boston who could have written the plays of Shakespeare."

But if such thrusts are bon mots in Baltimore parlors or journalistic squibs, they are not strong enough to sew a book together. For his maudlin chapter on Dixie and his miss-the-mark essay on Dr. Galbraith alone, Mr. Johnson earns the cultural bastinado. The sentence is assured by his suggestion that subliminal persuasion and fallout or no, Milton would enjoy living in twentieth-century America, because this is a time of action and America is about to act big. Nor does Mr. Johnson consolidate his position in the humane letters by demanding a "Voice" to translate Jowett's Plato into an American idiom accessible to punk and sage alike.

As for the man "left behind," Johnson's position is painfully ambivalent. On the one hand, he assures us that though "the buck ends" on the President's desk, it is returned to "we, the people" for expenditure. Man in the mass, he declares, is sovereign, C. Wright Mills notwithstanding. The people make the Big Decisions. They authorize and "direct" the Congress to act. (Presumably, the "people" include the AMA and the NAM, but Johnson doesn't say.)

On the other hand, Johnson moves perilously close to the heresy of elitism. Embracing Jefferson's concept of a natural intellectual aristocracy, Johnson departs from his "it's-up-to-you-and-me" optimism long enough to deliver a peppery philippic against "the levellers." "When men are unequal," Johnson allows, "some must be superior." As a matter of fact, he adds, growing bolder, our problem may well be to train not leaders, as our silly schools insist, but followers, literate enough to provide the rational climate in which politicians may exercise their underestimated capacity for vision and rule.

The exoteric machinery whereby either mass sovereignty or elitism is to prevail is not made clear by Mr. Johnson, save for a hearty reference to the short vote and attendant devices. One is left with the feeling that if only we all could be like Will Rogers, support our local art museum, and perfect our jeer, the Republic's salvation would be certain.

If there is a good chapter in this book, it's the one entitled, "The Propulsive Stick." Here is the Johnson of the salon, filled with the "sacred rage," committed and caustic. For several pages he belongs to us again, striking out at the tepid, tight-lipped national mood, blasting America's equation of dissent with subversion. Here is the Johnson of the journal, within his competence, dismissing the tranquilizers of inspirational literature, reminding us that "impeccably righteous fools in high office have done more damage to the world than the massed battalions of the villains." If somewhat lost at the lectern, Gerald Johnson is at home in the armchair.

The Hidden Crowd

"The Sixth Man," by Jess Stearn *(Doubleday. 286 pp. $3.95), reports on the spread of homosexuality in this nation's urban society. Sydney J. Harris is a syndicated columnist for General Features Corporation.*

By Sydney J. Harris

THE PUBLIC examination of homosexuality in our contemporary life is still so coated with distasteful moral connotations that even a reviewer is bound to wonder uneasily why *he* was selected to evaluate a book on the subject, and to assert defensively at the outset that he is happily married, the father of four children, and the one-time adornment of his college boxing, track, and tennis teams.

All this is of no consequence, of course. As Mr. Stearn points out in "The Sixth Man," homosexuality does not conform to the stereotype in the public mind. The mincingly obvious homosexual is only the small visible portion of the homosexual iceberg; beneath the surface are the many more inverts who are husbands, parents, burly in appearance and virile in voice, stance, and occupation. The fluttery interior decorator is no more typical of the homosexual than Shylock is of the Jew or Uncle Tom of the Negro.

There can be no disagreement among educated persons that the subject of homosexuality needs ventilation. It may or may not be true that one American male in every six is homosexual (I remain unconvinced by the evidence), but there is no doubt that the aberration is widespread, that it seems to be growing, and that some radical revisions are required in our medical, legal, and social approaches to this disturbingly complex problem.

"The Sixth Man," unfortunately, is not the book we need. That it began, in the author's mind, as a sober, factual, intensive study, I am reasonably sure;

(*Continued on page* 36)

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H. S. C.

ONE DAY late in 1919, Donald Scott, then the vice president of a New York daily newspaper edited primarily for businessmen, put through a telephone call to Professor Henry Seidel Canby, of the Yale University English Department. He said he wanted to see Professor Canby at the earliest possible moment on a matter of literary importance. A meeting was arranged several days later at the Yale Club in New York.

Henry Canby, then forty-two, had won a reputation in academic circles for his work in literary criticism, much of it on the *Yale Quarterly*. He was called upon frequently by book publishers for advice on manuscripts dealing with the early period of American literature. Rarely did the advice prove faulty; Canby was a shrewd, precise assayer of literary worth. There was nothing gaudy or self-serving about his criticism. The critic's job, as he saw it, was to bring good taste and a trained intelligence to bear on the evaluation of a book as an essential service for people not in a position to do it for themselves.

These were the qualities that had led Donald Scott to seek a meeting with Professor Canby. Everyone who had been consulted had suggested Canby as the one literary critic who might be able to give Mr. Scott the advice he needed.

When they met at the Yale Club, Mr. Scott said he was acting in behalf of Mr. Edwin F. Gay, general manager of the *New York Evening Post*. Mr. Gay wanted Canby to recommend someone who might start a literary supplement for the *Post*. Mr. Scott said he realized that this was perhaps a surprising request, considering the *Post*'s reputation at the time as a newspaper specializing in financial information. But the *Post* wanted to broaden its coverage and achieve excellence in areas beyond Wall Street. Surely Professor Canby could suggest an editor for the new section. He would have complete freedom, would be able to define the literary standards, and would receive a considerable measure of front-office support.

HENRY CANBY mentioned several names, carefully traced the backgrounds of each man, drew up a balance sheet of personal and professional assets, and gave his estimate of possible availability.

Mr. Scott's next question was about the section itself. How should it be edited? Once again Henry Canby gave his ideas and Mr. Scott took notes.

Then Mr. Scott smiled and asked his final question. How would Canby himself like the job? Would he be willing to give up an academic career for the newspaper business?

Henry Canby returned the smile and said he would give Mr. Scott his answer in a few days. When the answer came it was yes. This was the beginning of Henry Canby's career as literary editor. It was also the beginning, once removed, of *The Saturday Review of Literature*.

Three members of the *Evening Post* staff were assigned to the new supplement: Christopher Morley, who had only recently started a column on the paper; William Rose Benét, former *Post* copy boy and poet; and Amy Loveman, researcher and assistant librarian. As Allan Nevins writes in his article in this issue, the human chemistry was just right. The group quickly developed a mutual affection and a team relationship that won them high marks among book people almost from the start. There was no fumbling or meandering in the selection and presentation of material. The literary values were readily apparent. The judgments were unambiguous and carefully buttressed. The supplement may have been new but there was nothing immature or groping about it.

Henry Canby set the judicious, authoritative tone in his own writings and presided over the staff with calm, certainty of purpose, and unquestioned good will. Indeed, the most characteristic thing about Canby was his good will. As a critic, he never denounced; he merely registered a dispassionate and documented disapproval. The editor's chair was not a saddle for hobby horses or galloping ghosts. Canby never used a book as a basin for depositing personal frustrations, or as a stage for exhibiting knowledge superior to the author's. His allegiance was to abstract, clearly defined principles of literary criticism.

AT precisely the time that the literary supplement seemed to have achieved its widest acceptance, the *New York Evening Post* decided to drop it. By 1924, the ownership had changed. We reported some years ago in this space the reaction of the new publisher when he observed the Wall Street brokers as they picked up the paper and ejected the supplement with a single flip of the wrist, thus giving Wall Street what was known as its Saturday book look. It is believed that the decision to discontinue the supplement was not unrelated to the fact of this public carpeting. One of the Wall Street men, however, was eager to see the supplement reborn as an independent journal. He was Thomas W. Lamont, and he offered the necessary backing. And a young man by the name of Henry R. Luce, who had studied under Canby at Yale and who, with several classmates, was starting a newsweekly magazine, offered hospitality and publishing facilities. In this way did the first issue of *The Saturday Review of Literature* carry the imprint of Time, Inc. as publisher.

After two years, the arrangement was

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE NEW ENGLISH BIBLE

In his review of the New English Bible [*SR*, Apr. 1], F. L. Lucas has provided us with a number of comparisons between the NEB and the King James Version and Revised Standard Version translations of the Greek New Testament. That the KJV emerges unscathed from the competition is hardly surprising considering that the canon of judgment appears to be the "beauty of rhythm which has helped the memories of generations, and kept the Bible running in their heads." One suspects that this is where Mr. Lucas would prefer to keep the Bible, "in their heads," *i.e.*, titillating their esthetic sensibilities rather than running into their fingers or touching their toes, where action takes place.

What is disturbing about the review is the implicit persuasion of the sacrosanct character of the KJV. Most translators have their collective ears soundly boxed, but not the Elizabethan divines. Mr. Lucas takes only half seriously the recognition that there was any human speech in which the divine word was cast prior to the momentous year of 1611. There is not the slightest hint of the vast improvement in our lexical knowledge of the New Testament's market-place Greek as a result of inscriptional and papyrus evidence amassed by twentieth-century research. We hear nothing about new and penetrating insights into the morals and manners of the first-century *imperium*, which to Mr. Lucas remains "too different from ourselves, too lost in the mists of time." *Someone* is certainly lost in the mists. . . .

I make no brief here for the NEB, which, like any translation, is both praiseworthy and blameworthy. I do plead that any review of this sort should reflect more substantial familiarity with the theory of translation and the history of the translation and exegesis of the New Testament.

Ernest W. Saunders,
Garrett Biblical Institute.
Evanston, Ill.

Having taught New Testament Greek twenty-three years and having written a Greek grammar which is now being used in many colleges and seminaries, I read with genuine interest F. L. Lucas's review of the New English Bible. While I found much of the new translation stimulating and suggestive, I found much of it far too colloquial and I deplore with Mr. Lucas the committee's sometimes presumptuous freedom in paraphrase. . . .

Ray Summers,
Southern Baptist
Theological Seminary.
Louisville, Ky.

THE PRESS AND LATIN AMERICA

In Henry Brandon's article, "Tasks for the Press" [*SR*, Mar. 25], he states that "Latin Americans do not only feel neglected by the United States government; they also complain about the superficial treatment they get in the American press."

Mr. Brandon says: "I also think that the standards of some of the leading Latin American newspapers are impressive. By contrast, one of the Miami newspapers, which is readily available in several Latin American capitals because most airlines stop in Miami on their way south, is a poor advertisement for the quality of American newspapers."

Because the *Miami Herald* has long published a Latin American edition, we surely must be the object of Mr. Brandon's scorn. He is, of course, entitled to his opinion, but Mr. Brandon's low estimate of the *Herald* is not shared by the editors of this hemisphere. The *Herald* not only consistently publishes more news about Latin America than any other U.S. newspaper but has been repeatedly honored for its enterprising and thorough coverage of Latin American news. . . .

Currently, the *Miami Herald*'s Friendship Letters to Cuba campaign—a program of person-to-person diplomacy to save Cuban - American friendship – has been hailed by editors throughout Latin America, and by diplomats of the United Nations.

The bold and decisive campaign to aid homeless Cuban refugees was launched and pursued vigorously by the *Miami Herald*. President Eisenhower's special aide, Tracy Voorhees, says in a report: "I found that the crusade conducted by the *Miami Herald* brought the seriousness of this condition to the attention of the leading citizens of the area, to the Governor of Florida, and finally to the President."

Mr. Brandon's article was interesting to those of us who have more than a superficial knowledge of Latin America, but his reporting leaves much to be desired.

John S. Knight,
Editor, *Miami Herald*.
Miami, Fla.

"It's agreed then. We go on record as deploring conditions in the Congo, Laos, and Fort Lauderdale."

HENRY BRANDON REPLIES

When I wrote that "the standards of some of the leading Latin American newspapers are impressive" I clearly referred to their over-all standard. A simple comparison of the amount of world news on the front page of the *Miami Herald* with that on the front pages of some of the leading Latin American newspapers in Brazil, in the Argentine, or even in some of the smaller countries will prove my point. A look inside these papers will underline it.

Having replied to Mr. Knight's specific criticisms, I am sorry he concludes with an entirely unsubstantiated generality.

Henry Brandon.
Washington, D.C.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

New Voices for the Met—Poulenc's "Gloria"

WHETHER or not Helen Feit, Annamaria Saritelli, Brown Bradley, Jr., Angelica Lozada, Gene Ferguson, Gerald Landon, or Armand McLane proceed further on their vocal careers—and it would be rash to wager that any or all wouldn't—each has one memory denied to most of their contemporaries: an appearance before an audience in the Metropolitan Opera House. Not a paying audience, perhaps, but one whose favor was not always automatic.

These seven were the majority of the competitors in this year's finals of the Regional Auditions sponsored by the National Council of the Metropolitan Opera Association, as distinguished from the more elect minority (six) who received encouragement ranging from scholarships to contracts. Without fine-focusing the critical microscope, one might observe that, as a group, they sang Puccini, Verdi, Cilèa, Gounod, Giordano, or whatever with a more conscious sense of vocal purpose, in some instances with fewer mannerisms and egocentricities, than some who have been paid for doing the same on this stage. It spoke well not only for the depth of the native talent pool, but also for the care with which their studies had been supervised.

Under the amended conditions of this year's competition (several regional winners were eliminated in a countdown prior to the public launching) the spread between winners and losers was somewhat narrower than last year. Indeed, the most remarkable voice *per se* belonged to Miss Saritelli, a plump Mrs. from Providence, Rhode Island, (looking somewhat like the pre-Meneghini Callas) whose "Pace, Pace" showed uncommon aptitude. Age (she is the mother of two) and displacement may make her audition-prize-proof, but I would be surprised if she did not come to notice some other way.

Of the favored minority, the selection of George Shirley to be the Metropolitan's first Negro tenor was unquestionably just. True, the Metropolitan needs tenors, but in selecting Shirley it honored his abilities as well as its needs. I confess, though, to a lasting bewilderment why the mechanism of "national auditions" should be required to uncover a singer who has appeared at least twice this winter in Town Hall and just sung the B minor Mass with the Oratorio Society in Carnegie Hall. Likewise, Shirley Verrett-Carter, who has been launched in Carnegie Hall as a soloist with Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra in Falla's "Amor Brujo" (and has already earned the immortality of a recording). If the Metropolitan doesn't have its own regular, internal auditions for reviewing such exposed talent, it certainly should.

Among the others—Maria de Francesca, Billie Lynn Daniel, and Francesca Roberto (members of the soprano sorority) and Edna Mae Garabedian, mezzo—who were given money awards and scholarships, there was clearly an advantage, in personality and present abilities, for Miss Roberto. Her selection for an "apprentice contract" testified to welcome flexibility in the use of the opportunities provided by this procedure.

EARLIER in the week a more experienced American singer passed a different kind of Metropolitan entrance examination as part of what might be described as Operation Sink or Swim. This was Gianna d'Angelo (known to Hartford, Connecticut, as Jane Angelovich). Her debut role was Gilda ("Rigoletto") in keeping with the procedures of Operation SOS providing for a single performance before a paying audience which has, apparently, no choice in the matter. SOS (not to be confused with any other symbol for distress) has, this season, permitted operatic immersion for sopranos Gabriella Tucci, Dorothy Coulter and Nerina Santini, mezzos Jane Rhodes and Biserka Cvejic, and tenor Leonard Del Ferro.

Miss d'Angelo made herself welcome not so much for beauty of voice as for a well-developed technic and a good range of European experience. A tallish, slender person (aged about thirty), Miss d'Angelo met the challenges of "Caro nome" and "Tutte le feste" unflinchingly and with commendable accuracy. Her sound is a little larger than the average of Gildas, but it is neither very bright nor particularly resonant. Her stage deportment was little more than rudimentary, but she is equipped, vocally, to swim rather than sink. Jan Peerce and Robert Merrill contributed helpfully to her success, rather less conductor Nino Verchi.

Whatever else may be said about Francis Poulenc's "Gloria," which brought to a close the Boston Symphony's seventy-fifth New York season, one thing is certain—it sings. It is con-

(*Continued on page* 37)

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Reaction in Vienna

FREUD'S major contribution to the modern theatre is probably that he got the world to accept the fact that the things people do and say are often very different from what they really think and feel, and that they themselves tend to be unaware of the difference. While in the old days a character who pretended one thing and did another was a detestable Machiavellian villain, in today's theatre he is a sympathetic everyman. Freud and his followers pointed out that this two-faced protagonist was less the Promethean victim of fate or of the hand of God, than he was the unfortunate slave of his inner conflicts. And the modern playwright has obliged not only by creating this sort of central figure, but also by inventing a new sort of play in which these conflicts lead to wonderfully grotesque and ironic behavior.

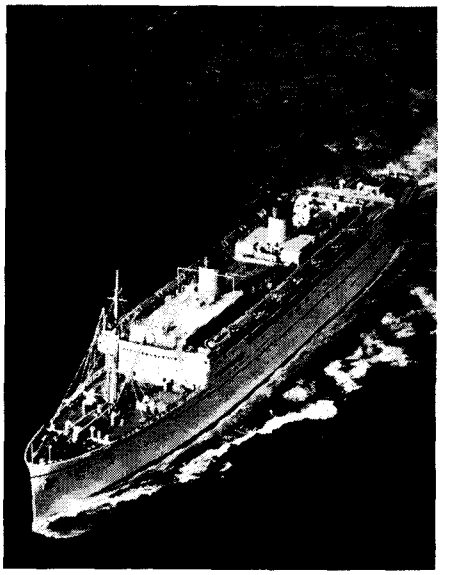
Freud's minor contribution to the modern theatre is the psychoanalytic process itself, with all the specific discoveries he and other psychiatrists have made, explaining as they do the source and mechanism of psychotic disturbances. To this we are indebted for the kind of play in which we watch a psychiatrist unravel a psychosis in much the same way as a detective in a thriller investigates a murder. In both cases the startling solution of the case is withheld until the end of the play.

Henry Denker's new play, "**A Far Country**," falls more or less into this category. Taking one of Freud's early studies in hysteria, "The Case of Elizabeth von R.," Mr. Denker has heightened its drama by exaggeration. For instance, he has intensified Elizabeth's situation by putting her on crutches instead of just having her experience pain when she walked "without any support" and with a gait that "was in no way strikingly bad." The playwright has also heightened and punctuated the revelations that emerged more gradually and chaotically in the actual analysis, and has made Freud's methods more violent than they would appear to have been. However, the danger of seeming too patently artificial is almost completely avoided, thanks to the extraordinary performance of Kim Stanley as Elizabeth. From her first entrance into the consulting room, this lush and life-choked actress is fully embroiled in the task of capturing both the mystery and the accurate truth of this specific case. There are no unrelated histrionics, no steppings out of character to emphasize a logical point. Indeed, so completely does Miss Stanley seem the servant of this girl's inner conflicts that we suspect that an off night by Steven Hill, who plays the great doctor, might easily leave Elizabeth hobbling off the stage uncured.

While this superbly acted psychodrama constitutes the principal reward of the evening, Mr. Denker has surrounded it with a couple of bonuses. In order to increase the size of the play he has suggested that the solution of the case of Elizabeth von R. was crucial to the scientific world's acceptance of psychoanalysis. In addition, he has constructed around Freud an intense opposition to his continuance of the case. Freud's determined mother, played chillingly by Lili Darvas, pulls out all the stops in her attempts to dissuade Freud from using hypnosis against the prevailing opinion of most psychoanalysts of his day. His pregnant wife, acted reservedly by Salome Gens, resents—as all wives must—the amount of time and health-debilitating effort Freud is putting into his work. And the opposition of the AMA (Austrian Medical Association) is demonstrated forcefully by Sam Wanamaker, who portrays Joseph Breuer, Freud's friend and colleague. Mr. Wanamaker makes the role into a striking capsule of the position of a handsome and brilliant Jewish doctor in a basically non-Semitic society. Unlike Freud, he has forfeited his chances for true scientific greatness through his desire to lead a prosperous existence and to be accepted by his colleagues. Mr. Wanamaker performs so astutely that we even wonder whether Freud's insistence is not a sign of madness. We wonder, too, how many great scientists will go unrecognized because of the imprudence that leads them to claim too much for their discoveries, or the anger that causes them to embrace scientific nonconformity for its own sake.

ALFRED RYDER's direction is sensitive throughout. Donald Oenslager's sets and lighting emanate the old-fashioned charm of old Vienna. And, thanks to his cunningly designed reversible panels and a realistic rubber face mask, we have the exciting theatrical experience of going in a matter of seconds from seeing the young Freud in his cluttered old study in 1892 to witnessing the aged Freud as he prepares to leave his dismantled office for a Nazi-enforced exile in 1938.

Collaboration of applied skills turns



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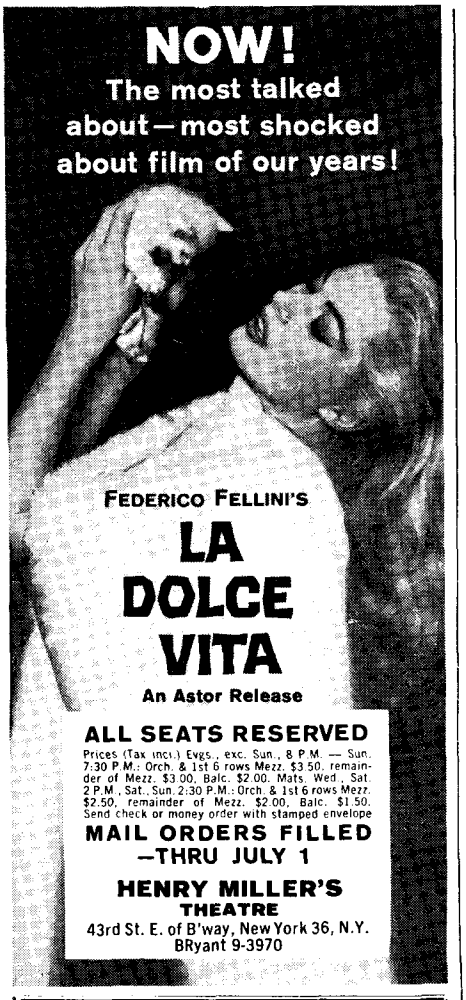
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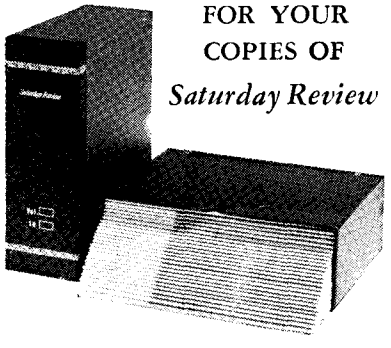

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"A Far Country" into a fairly absorbing and instructive theatre piece. And while the play may too frequently lapse into an inevitable routineness, there can be no questioning the excellence of Miss Stanley's performance. Her scream of shock as she discovers Elizabeth's repressed guilt compares favorably with Olivier's great moment in "Oedipus Rex," and is less stirring only insofar as the character of Elizabeth is a smaller and less poetic conception. In short, Miss Stanley's is the season's finest piece of acting, and should outweigh the sum of your reservations about the play itself.

By coincidence, a beautiful young actress who burst into public attention at the same moment as did Miss Stanley, when the two of them had their first big roles as sisters in "Picnic," undergoes a charming rebirth in a show that opened the night before "A Far Country." Janice Rule, who never quite seemed to find her full potential in ingenue roles, becomes an exquisite delight, when, in the midst of Fred Saidy's and Henry Myers's generally ill-advised and inept mixture of Offenbach's music, Yip Harburg's lyrics, and Aristophanes's "Lysistrata," she and Cyril Ritchard dance Offenbach's Ronde No. 18 from "La Belle Hélène," now retitled **"Vive la Virtue!"** Miss Rule's combination of pure grace and piquant charm as she whirls effortlessly about is a consummation of youth, talent, and style worth going back to see often. But Offenbach is not so nicely served by the rest of the proceedings. Somehow his music seems the essence of an elegant and romantic period, and resists being mixed with hard satire and socially conscious attitudes.

A welcome departure in children's entertainment is **"Young Abe Lincoln."** Written by Richard N. Bernstein and John Allen, with lyrics by Joan Javits and Arnold Sundgaard and music by Victor Ziskin, the original musical paints the period of Lincoln's life when he was wooing Ann Rutledge and being persuaded to run for political office for the first time. While the sixty-minute story it tells is simple and innocuous, the Little Golden Theatre has produced it with a high standard in the singing, costumes, scenery, and music. It happily demonstrates how simplification of objectives and unpressured application of taste can create a memorable and satisfactory product. —HENRY HEWES.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 5, 9, 3, 15, 19 or 20, 1, 11, 13, 14, 20 or 19, 12, 4, 7, 10, 2, 6, 17, 8, 16, 18.

Editorial

Continued from page 28

discontinued. Amy Loveman believed that Chris Morley's robust laughter was too disconcerting for serious young men on the other side of a thin partition—young men engaged in launching a mighty magazine enterprise. In any case, *SRL* moved to 25 West 45th Street and took a view from the eighth floor of the publishing horizon. It was a precarious perch. After Thomas Lamont's astounding bounty ran out, Henry Canby had to be more than an editor; he had to be a survival specialist in an arena of cold-turkey creditors and humorless auditors.

"Henry can do the impossible," Amy Loveman used to say. "We would hear all sorts of rumblings about financial crises but we always knew Henry would find a way. He's a born persuader."

And so he was. He would win his point not because he overwhelmed people with massed power or flashy personal appeal but because people had no difficulty in trusting him. Indeed, it was impossible not to be impressed with his panoramic, sweeping beacon-light approach. No man I knew was more at home with a qualifying clause. When he had something to propose you could be sure it had been thoroughly cleansed and calibrated and was ready for field use.

Physically, he appeared unreasonably unprepossessing and underproportioned, considering his professional stature. But, like John Adams, he benefited from high compression and maximum energy utilization. He had extraordinary persistence and staying power. He also had a most remarkable wife, Lady, who helped to keep his total life in focus and whose dedicated care supplied an essential nutriment for a man who was to live eighty-three years. When his eyes gave out altogether a few years ago, Lady Canby kept him in touch with his friends and the world of events that had always been so vital a part of his concerns. Every now and then, we would receive a letter at *SR* from Lady Canby, saying that Henry wanted us to know he was especially pleased with this issue or that or with the progress of the magazine in general. These letters have gone into a treasure chest replete with material also carrying the names of Amy Loveman, Bill Benét, and Christopher Morley. All four are now gone. Those of us who knew them and worked with them will never cease being grateful for the privilege. Whatever the present or future development of *Saturday Review*, we can never forget that it is first of all their magazine.

—N.C.

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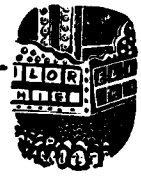

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Adventures of a Journalist

"LA DOLCE VITA" is a motion picture by Federico Fellini that begins with a white figure of Christ being carried by helicopter over the roofs of Rome to the Vatican, and that ends with a monstrous, formless fish being stared at on the sand at Ostia. During the intervening three hours, Fellini gives us a mordant vision of contemporary Roman life, a parable of futility, a vista of spiritual decay, a swirl of corrupt pleasure in which his journalist hero eddies until he is lost in soulless emptiness. Call it an indictment, a warning if you like, but it is also the most fascinating three hours of cinema turned out in recent years, a culmination of the Italian realistic approach, the most brilliant of all the movies that have attempted to portray the modern temper. Viewed superficially, it is an episodic account of incidents in the daily life of a Rome newspaperman, in which the glint of satire is discernible but not unduly stressed. It can also be seen as an autobiographical statement on the part of the director—who was once such a newspaperman in Rome—but it is autobiography seasoned with mature wisdom and given significance by imaginative heightening.

The newspaperman, Marcello, is a young man with talent who makes his living reporting day-to-day sensation and gossip. In search of a daily story, he follows the Christ statue in another helicopter, dallies over a roof on which girls are sunbathing. At a nightclub he meets a nymphomaniac heiress who, in her boredom, takes him to the bedroom of a prostitute. His mistress attempts suicide during this all-night episode. But no sooner has she recovered then Marcello covers the arrival in Rome of an American movie star, chases after her as she indulges in gaieties of monumental stupidity, and gets beaten up by her boyfriend for his pains. The connections between these seemingly disparate events soon become noticeable. Marcello is at once cynical and naïve, a man able to penetrate fraud and yet a dupe, partly corrupt and yet in search of some meaning that will relieve his internal anguish.

Has his friend Steiner the answer? Steiner is a dedicated intellectual who lives a seemingly good life, made pleasant by an intelligent wife, two beautiful children, witty artistic friends. But the very peace Steiner has found terrifies him, and soon enough he goes berserk, destroying himself and his children, and with this deepening Marcello's despair. Religion? Marcello races to a supposed miracle: two children have had a vision of the Virgin, and around a little tree a large crowd gathers, indulging in pious nonsense with sickening abandon. The filial virtues? Marcello's father visits Rome, remains a stranger to his son while making a fool of himself over a cheap nightclub dancer. A sudden heart attack sends him back to his provincial town. Upper-class life? Marcello goes to a party held in a castle; there a bored, elegant flock drinks, fornicates, and finds even more boredom in the morning.

Marcello has the intelligence to discern the ironies in each of his adventures, but it is not enough to prevent him from participating. He berates his simple, pretty mistress not so much for what she does, but for what he is. Being able to condemn no one and nothing, he sinks into a slime of pleasure. In the end he has joined a group of the sophisticated and the perverse, makes money by publicizing anyone and anything, and is the leader at an orgiastic party, the most titillating point of which is reached when a

young woman does a strip dance in celebration of her just obtained annulment. Toward dawn the group leaves the house and goes to a beach, where the monstrous fish is just being dragged in by fishermen. One of the group notices that the monster has gorged itself on jellyfish. In all this weirdness, Fellini has saved one last glimpse of innocence for his hero. Across a little backwater there stands a girl he has met once before. She has the fresh, untainted face of an angel in a Renaissance painting. She waves and beckons, and tries to tell Marcello something. He shrugs foolishly. He can't hear.

Through all this, the viewer is held (and sometimes shocked) by vivid imagery, by rich details of gesture and dialogue. Throughout the flamboyance there is precision. What is said, what is done, is exactly right for Fellini's purpose. His actors have obeyed him so well that their performances add to the incandescence. Notice Anita Ekberg, hitherto not known for high acting gifts, who, as the American star, is every movie star who ever fell for Rome. She dances at a nightclub in the ancient ruins of the baths of Caracalla, wades deliriously in the Trevi fountain, sends Marcello on a late-night search for milk for a kitten she has found, is glassily conscious of her fleshly endowments. There is Anouk Aimee, whose Maddalena is a remarkable portrait of a superior young woman of wealth, sensual, keen-minded, who finds her pleasure in the imaginative perverse. Most impressive of all is Marcello Mastroianni as the newspaperman, an actor of the highest sensitivity, his face a continual mirror of feeling and comment on the material of Fellini. Each in the crowded cast adds to the mosaic and helps make it an artistic whole. We can pick out Alain Cuny, Nadia Gray, Magali Noel, Walter Santesso for special notice, but there are at least a dozen others who quickly make sharp or poignant impressions, and then vanish.

Hovering constantly are the vulture photographers of Rome. They are like birds of prey, waiting to descend on hapless victims of tragedy, to surround a celebrity in a moment of embarrassment or idiocy. They are dreadful feeders on sensation, who share their catch with society at large. But there is a surprising lack of anger in Fellini's camera. It is almost as though he has come upon a pageant of life that is, for all its irony, haunting and strangely beautiful. The too lush sweetness is also caught in the musical score of Nino Rota.

"La Dolce Vita" flung all of Italy into debate about its merits. There have been many who have picked away at this extraordinary film, suspicious that Fellini has only wanted to perpetrate some gigantic fraud. Doing so is a way of escaping from the film's implications. If there is a message in it, it is that the modern loss of faith has resulted in a sapping of what the nineteenth century called the will. Is "La Dolce Vita" a faithful mirror of certain of society's ills? Does it matter? Truth is relative, artistic truth is the most relative of all. Fellini, who ranks with Bergman as the great film-maker of our time, infuses his subjects with an almost overflowing warmth, and with a profound feeling for the savor and anguish of life. Whether it be the little female clown in "La Strada," a lumpish young provincial in "Vitelloni," his pathetic prostitute in "La Notti di Cabiria," it is always someone intensely human. So is Marcello in "La Dolce Vita." His tragedy is the tragedy of an intelligent man who has lost a sense of meaning, and who takes pleasure as the easiest way out.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

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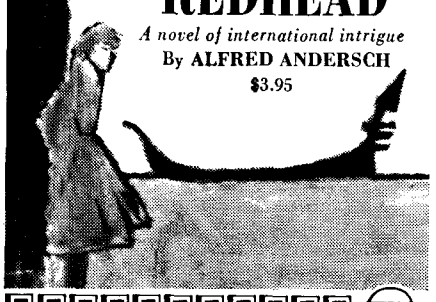

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Foreign Bases

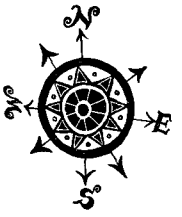
Continued from page 21

War II. To Roosevelt and his advisers Spain seemed a potential threat from the rear as the North African invasion was being prepared. Roosevelt's letter of reassurance to Franco ended with the words: "I am, my dear General, your sincere friend." The General knew well enough that these sentiments hardly represented the true state of Mr. Roosevelt's feelings toward him; indeed, Franco had taken care to make all too plain his own very partial attitude toward the dictators with whom the United States was at war. Franco was able, nevertheless, to cultivate the myth that by his non-intervention he had performed valuable services to the Allied cause; and payment for these became a recurrent postwar theme.

The mutual defense treaty of 1953 was in American eyes hardly a payment for past favors; it was a concession extracted in what seemed an hour of need. The Spanish government, on the other hand, rejoiced mightily, making the signing an occasion for widespread celebrations and a symbol of Spain's taking a leading role in the Western alliance. Mr. Dulles was as cool and discreet as only he knew how to be. There was, indeed, a disconcerting odor about the whole affair.

IT was not only that the United States, at a time when it was being called to lead the free nations, was engaging in acts of apparent friendship and political intimacy with the most notorious of the postwar dictators. In addition, there was the intimation, always difficult to prove, that the United States was embarking on a strategy which provided an alternative to our support of Europe. Behind its mountainous borders, a giant peninsula whose people and history raised some doubts as to whether it was European at all, Spain seemed a possible place of withdrawal and hiding, from which the Soviet Territories could be threatened if the European countries were overrun. It was no wonder that the United States found itself diverging rather sharply on this issue from its major NATO allies.

How have things worked out? Perhaps both better and worse than might have been expected. The greatest advantage of these Spanish bases, unforeseen at the time the treaty was negotiated, was the chance they have afforded us to withdraw gracefully from Morocco, when pressure was put upon us by the newly independent Moroccan nation to leave its soil by 1963. With the bases in Spain completed, Morocco no longer seemed essential. On the other hand, the bases cost more than had been expected, were constructed slowly, and then were completed in a world where the strategic balance had already greatly altered, with the advantage of all bases being put into question by the advance of missile technology. Meanwhile, the United States was drawn, perhaps inevitably, into closer economic ties with the Spanish government. The so-called Stabilization Program of 1959 was a far-reaching arrangement in which economic aid was



balanced against stringent and hazardous internal economic reforms.

Mr. Whitaker's conclusion is that the American policy-makers have tended to take too narrow a view of strategy, and that they have been unnecessarily inhibited by their own doctrine of political non-intervention. It would be better, he feels, if we recognized that an alliance with a dictator has strategic consequences broader than those involved in explicit military concessions. It would also be better if after an alliance had been formed, we were more ready to make felt the weight of our own ideals and convictions. Both of these conclusions are characteristic of the statesmanlike prudence and humane good sense that characterize the book as a whole.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 926

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 926 will be found in the next issue.

TRY SHE'D AYGMB YC H OWCYDHDGRE RE KFHD TRY HOW NRGEN DR BR.

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———

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 925

It usually takes more than three weeks to prepare a good impromptu speech. —MARK TWAIN.

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Breaking the Alphabet Code

By BETTY MILES, *associate, Publications Department, Bank Street College of Education.*

ON SOME quite ordinary day, perhaps in November, maybe in March, a child bursts into the home with a book and the amazing announcement, "I can read it *myself!*" Of course we have expected it all along, but this day, so unremarkable that its date will be forgotten, has overtones of the miraculous. A child has acquired one of man's most complex skills, and has thereby entered the stream of human history.

A miracle. Our amazement that he can read at all changes perhaps too soon into the expectation that he do it well. After all, breaking the code is the six-year-old's achievement. Deciphering the tablets will absorb a lifetime. Like an adult learning to read a language with a strange alphabet, the child must begin with a few basic words, and will only gradually develop fluency. Those perennial puppets Dick and Jane, for all their exhausting running and jumping, looking and seeing, serve a certain introductory purpose. Of course, one would wish school primers might give children intimations of the joy of reading; though it is outrageously difficult, it is surely not impossible to create from a vocabulary of fifty words or less a text that is illuminating, meaningful, and literate. But no matter how well arranged, a beginning reading vocabulary is just that: a beginning. Most six-year-olds could read "Look at the stars! Look, look up at the skies!" but they need years of prosaic practice—and deepening experience—before they can appreciate the controlled abandon of all Hopkins's dappled words.

Despite his necessarily limited range of comprehension, and the unnecessary dreariness of his primers, a child's excitement in being able to read and his growing awareness of what reading is for should carry him through the first year of basic English. The new reader has the pleasure of belonging to his world in a new way. He can orient himself in space ("NEW YORK—17 MILES") and in time ("April 21"); he can understand and obey rules ("STOP"); he can learn facts ("Weather today: rainy and mild"). But beyond this, one hopes that the new reader will feel the excitement of sharing the recorded experience of all the world's people. Ideally, every book we give him should be worth the halting, difficult, sometimes frustrating work of its deciphering.

A step toward a real literature, if you will, for very earliest readers has been made this year by Harper and Random House with the "very very easy to read" books for those crucial early months of first grade when the Dick and Jane banalities, and school experience charts, are the only other reading material available. At the same time, these books are a useful guide to what a beginner can cope with. Unfortunately, it was not initially made clear that "easy to read" did not mean "instant" reading, and many disappointed children and anxious parents felt defeated when "The Cat in the Hat" proved too difficult on the first day of first grade.

But now that spring has come most new readers are ready for the books that can be called "fairly easy to read." Among them, of course, are some whose lack of quantity ("only 200 words!") is matched by their quality. But in the best of these books one is hardly aware of the controlled vocabulary; words have been used as they should be used, whatever their number, to say something, and to say it well. "I never forget your birthday," says Mother Bear, "and I never will." What could be more satisfying?

Outstanding among recent releases is **"Olaf Reads,"** by Joan Lexau (Dial, $2.75). Olaf is a first-grader—what a natural for his peers! The author exploits the enchantment of art compared to commonplace life by making Olaf's reading mistakes both hilarious and instructive. "I can read, but they can't spell," Olaf says, stoutly posting his letter in the basket labeled "LITTER." There are real characters in "Olaf," a real plot. And a glimpse into the grown-up world comes from a fireman who, summoned by Olaf's automatic response to the word "PULL" on a fire alarm, tells him, "It is good to read. But you must think, too. Read and think."

—From "Olaf Reads."

Another book in which reading itself figures as part of the plot is **"Tell Me Some More,"** by Crosby Newell Bonsall, illustrated by Fritz Siebel (Harper, $1.95). "'I know a place,' said Andrew to Tim . . ., ' where I can hold an elephant under my arm . . . a camel in my hand . . . in this place there are mountains and fountains, and moons and spoons.' 'Is everything there?' Tim asked. Andrew said, 'Yes, everything.'" The place is, of course, a library, and an overly farcical prolongation of the story must be forgiven for the real sense of the wonder of reading that is contained in this one brief book about it. In **"Tony's Birds,"** by Millicent E. Selsam (Harper, $1.95), another function of reading is highlighted when the boy who has breathlessly stalked a bird checks his find by looking it up in a bird guide. "This book is good," Tony says. "It works." (It is totally irrelevant to the story that Tony is a Negro boy; unfortunately, the reviewer who sees so little of this kind of illustration cannot treat it as irrelevant, but must digress to express appreciation of something that should be a matter of course.)

"Mr. Pine's Mixed-Up Signs," by Leonard Kessler (Wonder, 59¢), is still another book that weaves the interests of a new reader into a plot. Signs are fascinating to someone just learning to decipher them, and every beginner can have the pleasure of being one-up on the near-sighted sign maker, who puts "BREAD" over the bank's doorway, and "STOP" and "GO" onto the same pole.

But, of course, reading is not only for reading about reading. Syd Hoff's **"Chester"** (Harper, $1.95) is reading for fun: the cartoonist's sense of pacing makes this book race along with its punch lines about a wild horse who wants like anything to be tame. Six-year-olds need hammock reading like the rest of us; they also need poetry and adventure and wisdom. Increasingly, books with a simple vocabulary are being written with style. They have fun and excitement and, some of them, importance.

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TINKER AND TANKER. *By Richard Scarry. Illustrated by the author. Garden City. Unpaged.* $1. A rabbit and a hippopotamus set out in their car to find work and a place to live. They display their skill at fixing things and saving situations in Tootletown, where the delighted citizens ask them to settle. A book that is really meant for young children, with understandable adventures and pictures full of detail to be pored over between readings-aloud. Ages 3-5.

THE STORY OF THE SNAILS WHO TRADED HOUSES. *By Ursula von Hippel. After a story by Gertrud von Hippel. Illustrated by the author. Coward-McCann. Unpaged.* $2. A small moral fable about two discontented snails who learned that the grass looks greener and the shells roomier at a distance. However, the illustrations and the format of the book will probably please children who delight in the miniature. Insects, grass, and flowers are charmingly portrayed. Ages 5-7.

HOUND DOG'S BONE. *By Cathrine Barr. Illustrated by the author. Walck. 32 pp.* $2.25. Fox pups steal bone, dog follows fox pups, boy follows dog in a natural, easy-to-read story. The final implication that it is about to begin all over again as the boy gives the dog a new bone is also fun. Ages 5-7.

BRAVE BETSY. *By Miriam Dreifus. Illustrated by Sheila Greenwald. Putnam. 47 pp.* $2. Author and artist convey a child's excitement while wandering through a school closed for summer, as well as the scariness of being shut in, and the resourceful independence of figuring out how to get found. Interesting notations left on the blackboards challenge new readers. Ages 5-8.

TIP AND DIP. *By Suzanne Gleaves and Lael Wertenbaker. Illustrated by Adrienne Adams. Lippincott. Unpaged.* $2.95. This is an easy-to-read story about the magic of climbing into a leafy tree for the first time—a moment so genuinely enchanting that the introduction of two elfin guides seems out of place. The length of the book is adequate but its adventures are rather confusing, and the rhyming words are just unrhythmic enough to trip up a new reader. Ages 6-8.

PIMPERNEL AND THE POODLE. *By David Walker. Illustrated by Alan Howard. Barnes. Unpaged.* $2.50. A lively tale about Fat Cat Pimpernel's friendship with an aristocratic French dog. The illustrations are done in the same witty vein as the story, which is a worthy sequel to the original "Fat Cat Pimpernel." Ages 6-9.

BALLOONS. *By Peter Burchard. Illustrated with drawings by the author and with photographs. Macmillan. 48 pp.* $3.75. A completely interesting and attractively presented account of ballooning from the first unlikely baubles of the eighteenth century to the ill-starred dirigibles, and subsequently weather and space balloons. Ages 8-12.

WORDS FROM THE MYTHS. *By Isaac Asimov. Illustrated by William Barss. Houghton Mifflin. 224 pp.* $3. The versatile Asimov has now combined a succinct retelling of Greek myths with a demonstration of their contribution to everyday and scientific language. Exemplifying its objectives are the book's two indices—one for the myths and one for their derivatives and general references. Ages 11 up.

THE UNDERSEA TREASURE. *By Richard Garnett. Illustrated by Jane Dickens. Vanguard. 191 pp.* $3. This British adventure story gets off to a slow start, largely because of an overabundance of general descriptive material. But for young people who have a keen interest in deep-sea exploration the technical details will make rewarding reading. Ages 12-16.

SECRETS OF MINOS. *By Alan Honour. Illustrated with photographs and line drawings. Whittlesey House. 189 pp.* $3.25. This excellent biography of Sir Arthur Evans gives a charming picture of the archeologist's English boyhood and tells of his experiences as a reporter in the violently troubled Balkans prior to his thrilling excavations at Crete. This was a man whose preoccupation with the past did not blind him to the human problems of his day. An admirably scrupulous note at the end of the book states, "The dialogue . . . is the author's invention." Ages 12 up.

THOMAS JEFFERSON AND HIS WORLD. *By Henry Moscow in consultation with Dumas Malone. Illustrated with paintings, prints, drawings, and photographs. American Heritage. 153 pp.* $3.50. Thomas Jefferson provides the focus for this fine panoramic history, and, like the other volumes in the series, this handsome book is profusely illustrated with reproductions of contemporary paintings, prints, and sketches. Ages 12 up.

JENNER AND THE MIRACLE OF VACCINE. *By Edward F. Dolan, Jr. Dodd, Mead. 242 pp.* $3.50. A thorough and consistently interesting biography of the English physician, this book conveys not only the excitement of a medical dream, but the painstaking observation and research necessary to formulate a theory, and the awesome responsibility of proving it on living human beings. Jenner's findings on the cuckoo yield a fascinating (if peripheral) chapter on the habits of that odd bird. Ages 12 up.

Besides Mrs. Miles, reviewers for this issue include Irma Simonton Black, chairman, Joan Winsor Blos, and Ruth A. Sonneborn, all associated with the Bank Street College of Education's Publications Division.

USA

Continued from page 27

Mr. Stearn is earnest, patient, and scrupulously fair to his subject. He has done a great deal of digging, but most of it is horizontal: he unearths a wide area, but none of it is much more than two inches deep.

What public purpose is served, for instance, by lengthy descriptions of homosexual bars and other hangouts; by a report on a homosexual "wedding"; by a survey of New York gymnasiums that cater to "the trade"; by a peep into the homosexual underground in the worlds of fashion and beauty, show business and communications?

To compensate for this journalistic voyeurism, Mr. Stearn also includes a number of interviews and conversations with psychiatrists, social workers, and the like, but beyond exhibiting certain justified impatience with his limitations on the subject, they add little depth to the study.

His intentions toward the homosexuals are decent, and his attitude is coolly sympathetic; certainly the book makes us aware that the present system of blackmail, police shakedown, and prison sentencing is barbarously unjust toward these pathetic victims of their own twisted psychic drives.

Yet, neither the decency nor the sympathy (nor Mr. Stearn's expertness as a reporter) can conceal the book's essential shallowness and sensationalism. Homosexuality, like suicide, alcoholism, or any other perversion of the human will, is only vulgarized and distorted when it becomes the object of a popular exposition. Ventilation lets in air, not wind.

As a footnote to this 286-page exercise in Peeping-Tom-Foolery, I might add that a half-dozen pages in the newly published "Encyclopedia of Sexual Behavior" (Hawthorn Books) provide more substantial material on the subject of homosexuality than "The Sixth Man" manages to include after months of legwork, spadework, and a deplorable deficiency of brainwork.

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 30

sistently, almost insistently vocal, which should not be in the least surprising for a composer of as many fine songs (and other vocal works) as Poulenc. Nevertheless, the consideration it shows for the human voice is sufficiently uncommon to be commended. Furthermore it is intimately related to the purpose for which voices are raised in praise, and part of its ultimate effect, that the singers do so happily, joyfully, enthusiastically. There was rarely a sense of striving for supremacy among the choral, solo, and orchestral elements—the only contest, an eagerness to do justice to the allotted function.

What Poulenc has created is less a liturgical expression than a celebration in sound, arranged in a suite of movements (the first and last fast, the others fast, slow, fast, slow) based on the familiar texts—Gloria, Laudamus Te, Domine Deus, etc. But, as many of his predecessors borrowed from popular idioms of their time, so it sounds to me that Poulenc has not been constrained in his use of harmonies, rhythms, and melodic turns more commonly associated with the *chanson*, even the *café chanson*, than with either the church or the concert hall. I found much of it a delightfully sophisticated exercise in seeming naïveté, up to the concluding "Amen," which lolls about in a relaxed intellectual attitude more suggestive of Gounod and Franck than Poulenc. Just what it means doubtless will be clarified at a later hearing. This one profited immensely from the impassioned purity of Adele Addison's singing of the solo sections (especially the "Domine Deus"), her reverence for Music as well as meaning. The chorus trained by Alfred Nash Patterson was thoroughly responsive to Munch's animated direction.

Lorin Hollander was a much more interesting musical phenomenon as a sub-teen performer of Mozart with Thomas Scherman and the Little Orchestra in Hunter College a few years ago than he was as a sixteen-year-old soloist in the Khachaturian Piano Concerto with the New York Philharmonic conducted by Leonard Bernstein in Carnegie Hall a few days ago. The purity of his original musical impulse has been replaced by an adult calculation much more common, and far less worthwhile. He plays fast, loud, and hard, which may be good enough for Khachaturian, but not for music. In the preceding "Sinfonia India" of Chavez, Elyakum Shapira gave further evidence of the clarity, order, and penetration of his conductorial talent.

—Irving Kolodin.

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H. S. Canby

Continued from page 17

He once commented caustically to me on the absurdity of somebody who advanced Whittier to the rank of "an American Burns." At Yale, his mentors had regarded American letters as simply an inferior branch of English literature. But while admitting that even Emerson and Whitman may not belong to the ages, Canby felt the tremendous dignity of our writing as an expression of the American mind and spirit. We should study it as a record of the many-sided adjustment of a new race of men to a new environment, he believed, and then it would become endlessly rewarding. Parrington had partly done this, but with too much antipathy to the Federalist and tie-wig schools, for antipathies should be ruled out. We should take pride in whatever had interpreted the life and heart of our continental home.

Canby was anxious, in the second place, to have his readers see the importance of keeping our literature firmly, authentically American. Even if authors seemed as eccentric as William Carlos Williams and as uncouth as parts of Faulkner, they should be encouraged to represent their own society, and its sordid as well as better aspects. They should pay due attention to foreign excellence, but never be imitative. In short, he pressed the rule that Theodore Roosevelt had laid down in "Dante on the Bowery": native themes and native idioms are best. "If the guardians of our culture had got their way," Canby savagely wrote of some old-style critics, "the American ideal of literary achievement would have always been the French or the British standard of about ten years earlier." People did not ask enough if they inquired of a new book by Hemingway or Frost, "How good is it?" They must also ask, "What does it have that expresses America?" He liked to quote a remark Mrs. W. K. Clifford once made to him about James: "How thoroughly English James believed himself to be, and yet, poor dear, he was always so American!" In "Turn West, Turn East," he made clear what he thought of the rival merits of Mark Twain's rough embrace of American subjects and James's fastidious rejection of them. Thoreau, to Canby, was important not in any universal sense, but as an author who had helped make Americans at home in their land.

And in the third place, Canby wished people to share his strong sense of the youthful, plastic nature of American society and hence of American letters. If our society and letters were not any longer "innocent," they were at any rate more innocent than their European analogues. Coming back from a PEN meeting in Barcelona in the 1930s, he wrote an essay on the lost youth of continental Europe. But he believed that the writer who caught the truest note of Negro Harlem, of Chicago, of Seattle, of the Jewish East Side, and even of the South, would find it in growth and the exuberance of adolescence.

WHAT he liked about Ellen Glasgow was her realistic study of a new Virginia growing out of the old; among the qualities that delighted him in Willa Cather was the youthful spirit of "My Antonia," "One of Ours," and "The Song of the Lark," and the flavor of Western energy and idealism in her books. No career of the time fascinated him more than that of "Red" Lewis, a close friend, whose rise from Sauk Center to Stockholm he followed affectionately. Lewis, he said, constantly scourged Americans because he wished them to grow into better patterns and outlooks. When the editors of the *SR* a few years ago brought out their "Treasury" of selections from its files, they lifted many of the best plums from the cake. But neither their selections nor the stimulating introduction by Mr. Krutch brought into proper relief this theme of the plastic, growing character of the American mind and its literary expression.

For Canby in his editorials touched this leitmotiv again and again. Our faults are often barbaric, he said in effect, but this is the healthy barbarism of youth, not the sodden barbarism of maturity. Our national egotism, nourished by our special history, needs to be restrained, but it should not be tamed too severely. "You cannot trim a sumach," he once remarked. Our conquest of the continent, now ended, had been headlong, but it was to be treated not as a sordid story, a barbecue, but as a triumphant feat. Our American society of the 1920s was confused by the swift flowering of industrialism and the shocks of the World War, and the confused, crowded pages of Thomas Wolfe mirrored that society. But we were at the beginning of our road; time would furnish discipline; and then the Stendhals might come in place of writers like Tom Wolfe. From Canby's writings it would be possible to choose many sharp passages about the current materialism, childishness, and noisiness—about the business credo that a man at hard work was the noblest work of God. But he always kept his faith that youth and plasticity gave the United States what Emerson called majestic possibilities.

Readers never knew what they would find in the old *SRL*. They had the exhilaration each week of some new discovery: a general essay by Clarence Day, Logan Pearsall Smith, or James Harvey Robinson; a paper on the literary craft by Somerset Maugham or Pearl Buck; a political article by General Hugh Johnson or Harold Ickes; a fresh outlook on the world by H. G. Wells, Wesley Clair Mitchell, or James H. Breasted; a bit of controversy by Walter White, of philosophy by George Santayana, or of science by Robert Millikan. In every issue they would find criticism animated by Canby's belief in experimentalism as part of healthy change. That is, they would find open-minded treatments of the expressionism of Dos Passos, the symbolism of Cabell, the obscurities of Robinson Jeffers, the involutions of Faulkner, the linguistic adventures of Gertrude Stein, and the vernacular directness of Sandburg. Steady reading of the weekly was a humanizing experience. But what insensibly altered the mind of a whole generation was Canby's consistent pressure on the three ideas or theses just noted. This it was that made the *SRL* creative.

Economically, the Great Depression was hard on magazines. To meet its pressures, and for other reasons, *The Saturday Review of Literature* in the spring of 1935 changed to a dress of ordinary magazine size, with bright covers enclosing forty pages of print. This made it easier to read, gave better housing to the departments, and

What Is Beauty?

Art then is a sound instinct. To feel the suavity of a snow-clad winter night is not to commit the pathetic fallacy, but rather to perceive a harmony of light in curving slope and silent elm and farm house adequately set, which is more real than earth and tree and building. And the insistence upon beauty in style and subject and final effect for all literature and all art is a sound instinct also. There is no way to make the dead representations of print or canvas or marble share the inner reality of what they imitate except through rhythm, static or active; this is the truth, which Keats said *was* beauty. —*Henry Seidel Canby (Feb. 14, 1925).*

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furnished more space. In adopting the new form, Canby announced a change of emphasis. The time had come, he thought, to harden the insistence of the magazine on workmanship, form, and finish. Altogether too large a proportion of current literature, in all departments, was crude in thought, sloppy in scholarship, and hasty in execution. Henceforth he would be more the critic of turbulence, and less its champion. The new dress was popular, and the emphasis on standards fitted the more decorous literary era just coming in. The magazine moved toward the transfer of the editorship to Bernard De Voto, George Stevens, and Norman Cousins (1939), and to the Second World War, with undiminished energy—though a different type of energy than before.

Meanwhile, however, another change had occurred, which took the editor into novel fields; and the choice which Canby made may well be questioned. When the Book-of-the-Month Club was launched in 1926, its chief director, the able, high-minded Harry Scherman, had seen that Canby was ideally equipped to be editor-in-chief. Much of the success of the club and many of its best services are attributable to Canby's insight and balanced judgment. Enlistment in what was fundamentally a commercial enterprise, however, was a divergence from the main path he had followed with such sure tread. In his "American Memoir" a defensive note creeps into his paragraphs on the new departure. "I could have gotten more academic prestige, perhaps more intellectual prestige," he admits, "if I had given all my time . . . to the editing of a literary journal not run to make money." Prestige did not matter. The main question is that of usefulness.

FOR thenceforth he was riding two horses. To be sure, the two occupations were in some ways highly compatible; intensive reading is the lot equally of a literary editor and of the guide of a book club. In other ways, however, they were not readily harmonized. His reading of older works of literature, of scholarly books beyond the purview of a club, and of foreign volumes, had to be sternly curtailed. No more volumes of the stature of "Classic Americans" came from his pen, though he did write several good biographies. The *SRL* for a time ran the danger of being mistaken for the house organ of a book club, an unjust but not unnatural imputation. Some friends will always regret that Canby did not continue to pour his rich energies into the channels to which he had theretofore confined them; channels he could have made broader and deeper.

Whether people accept or reject this view, nobody can deny that as head of the Book-of-the-Month Club he exercised his influence sagaciously and fruitfully. His choice of fellow judges—William Allen White, Christopher Morley, Dorothy Canfield, and others—was as felicitous as his choice of staff on his weekly. The board under his inspiration, or at any rate with his gentle guiding touch on the tiller, pursued a remarkably sure course, making a long series of choices that quickened general reading in the country, and encouraged many of the worthiest authors. It also made mistakes. But it did not make the worst error open to it, that of underestimating the intelligence and taste of the average literate American. Nine-tenths of our newspaper editors and ninety-nine one-hundredths of the men who control our television industry do just that. Canby found that it was far more difficult than he had supposed to predict the preferences of the American reader; but he also found that they justified his faith in their appreciation of good books. He cultivated and improved this appreciation. It was because he kept to a high level that he never for a moment faltered in his faith that as editorial head of the Book-of-the-Month Club he was doing an important work both for literature and for the education of the American people. When he left the club, the magnitude of his achievement was plain.

A writer and a teacher: so Canby called himself, in terms characteristically modest. Frank, simple, friendly, never departing from the sweet reasonableness and sobriety that he probably derived from his Quaker ancestry, he was one of the most lovable of men. Few even of his intimates ever saw a moment of irritation ruffle his serenity. He was unfailingly helpful to everyone. I recall him in his earliest days at the *Evening Post* seated with Edith Wharton at a table in his little office, advising her on some problem of construction or emphasis she had come down to Vesey Street to lay before him; and I also recall him in his later days of infirmity peering among the crowded shelves of his gloomy stone study in Connecticut for a set of Hamilton's "Writings" he wished to give a young scholar intent on making an anthology. In all his activities he radiated inspiration; not so much the inspiration of enthusiasm, though he had that, as the inspiration of seminal ideas. He was one of the most reflective of all the busy persons of his time. As he once said of an associate, he "enjoyed his own mind"; he was always striking out some original thought. Whether walking a trout stream, or strolling about his garden, or perched on the side of a desk, he loved to exchange his thoughts with those of men he liked.

He liked simplicity, individual freedom, leisure, and quiet, the conditions that gave him opportunity to reflect; he detested the costliness (in time and energy) and the abrasiveness of crowd life. Though realist enough to know that America is now and henceforth an industrial land, he had a strong nostalgia for the older, saner culture that he believed the country possessed before the Civil War. "There is more energy than health in American civilization"—that remark summed up one of his attitudes. But, accepting his time as he found it, he found means of impressing his tastes and ideas on far larger audiences than the ordinary writer and teacher can ever hope to reach. He had great enjoyment in all his intellectual pursuits, and his sympathy for every hopeful current of his time helped others find enjoyment in them. A civilization as rich as ours in authors and editors will produce new men aplenty to offer guidance and stimulation in the use of books and ideas; but it will be long before it finds one of such many-sided usefulness as Henry Seidel Canby.

IT will be long, too, before it finds a circle like that which he animated and gently dominated. His departure closes a chapter in the literary history of the land. Assuredly there was never an editorial office that commingled standards, ideas, wit, and humor as did the office where Chris Morley, Bill Benét, and Amy Loveman worked under Canby's keen eye. Alas that the last link with that bright scene is severed: I recall one episode of symbolic quality. The four named, with the poet Leonard Bacon and myself, were about to sally out for luncheon. Chris Morley bustled in late, and a second of constraint followed, for Bacon had just published in the *SRL* a cutting review of Chris's latest book, otherwise appreciatively hailed. It lasted hardly a second. "Oh, let us have no more of this Baconian heresy!" pealed Morley, and in a gust of laughter we swept out to the elevator. The incident reflected the austere standards, the wit, the generosity, the sense of literary comradeship and adventure, that pervaded all issues of the *SRL* under Canby. People from the Penobscot to the Sacramento, reading it, felt that literature was one of the most important elements in American life. that in the weekly they had an intellectual lighthouse, and that it made them sharers in the general movement of art and ideas. From the Penobscot to the Sacramento, thousands will read of the death of Henry Seidel Canby with a sense of personal as well as national loss.

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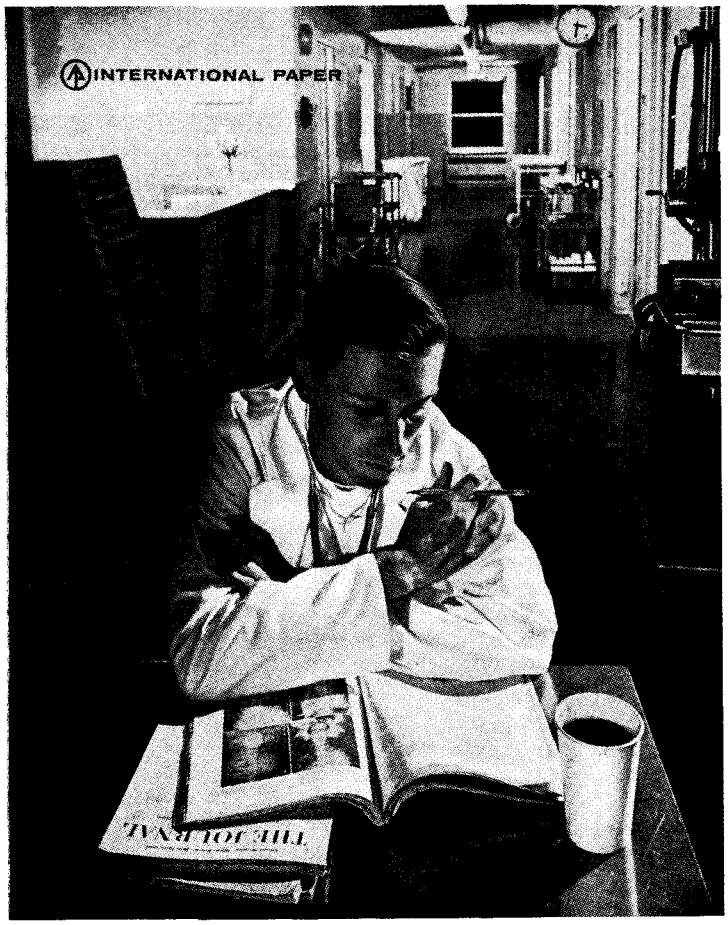

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A survey conducted for International Paper shows that 100 interns at leading hospitals spent a total of 351 hours a week reading newspapers, 190 hours reading medical journals and general-interest magazines.

Great doctors keep on reading

An identical survey taken among 100 top-ranking doctors—Fellows of the American College of Physicians—reveals that this group spends a total of 411 hours a week reading newspapers; 186 hours reading medical journals and general-interest magazines. In that week, the doctors read a total of 339 medical journals—almost 4 for each man!

The total number of hours that each group spent reading magazines and newspapers is also significant. Interns: 841. Doctors: 897. The conclusion is as clear as print.

Great doctors keep on reading.

To understand his subject, a doctor must understand men. That is why a medical journal is just the beginning of a doctor's education. It takes *many* types of reading to form the whole man.

Men in every field are learning this. And our universities have been quick to recognize this awareness. Many of them are now offering courses in the Great Books.

The men who take these courses learn *beyond* their specialties. Their worlds expand with new ideas. Their mental reach lengthens. They learn to take advantage of the knowledge preserved by print on paper.

America's gargantuan appetite

Americans are ferocious readers. We'll read anything that doesn't blink back. Lincoln once said that his best friend was the man who brought him a book—one that "I ain't read." Last year, Americans read 800 million books. More than 20 billion newspapers. Over a billion magazines.

American magazines have met the challenge of our gargantuan appetite. There are the great general magazines (which often report specialized knowledge of importance to everybody in a form everybody can understand). And there are the small technical magazines. Mountains of them.

From soup to nuts

There are magazines about rockets, bridges, apple trees, underwear, cement, papers and twines, gardens. And there are magazines about magazines.

A nation of readers

These magazines are just one phase of American reading habits. Worthwhile reading is not confined to books, magazines and newspapers.

Products now reach consumers in *packaging* that sells itself with printed messages in words and pictures. Technical manuals, instruction books and printed diagrams and blueprints make possible the constant hum of machinery that means more leisure in our lives.

And while print serves a nation of readers, it also supports the vitality of our country's economy. No less than 75 per cent of all American advertising is now in printed media. Print *sells*.

A contemporary of the immortals

The significant ideas, events and personalities of history await your convenience on the printed page. You leave them when you wish, and when you wish you return. Here you become contemporary with greatness. Here you meet Shakespeare face to face.

Read wherever you can—in taxicabs, waiting rooms, restaurants. You will be the gainer.

Free reprints

For free reprints of this advertisement, suitable for schools and colleges, write Education Department, International Paper Company, 220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York. ©1960

INTERNATIONAL PAPER

Manufacturers of papers for magazines, books and newspapers • papers for home and office use • converting papers • papers and paperboards for packaging • shopping containers • folding cartons • milk containers • wallboard bags • grocers and specialty bags and sacks • pulps for industry • lumber, plywood and other building materials

TOP ADS OF THE YEAR: Reproduced above and below are what SR's Ninth Annual Advertising Awards Committee judged to be the most distinguished public interest advertisements of the year. For the first time in the history of the awards, two campaigns tied for first place. Above is an example of the campaign of International Paper on the importance of reading and of printed media to the intellectual health of our nation. Below is one of New York Life Insurance Company's outstanding series of advertisements on the prospects various vital careers hold for our new generation of young people in a changing America.

New York Life Presents the 43rd in a Series of Advertisements to Help Guide Young People to a Better Future

Should you be a Physicist?

by **ARTHUR H. COMPTON**, *Distinguished Service Professor of Natural Philosophy, Washington University, Saint Louis, Missouri, as told to Norman M. Lobsenz*

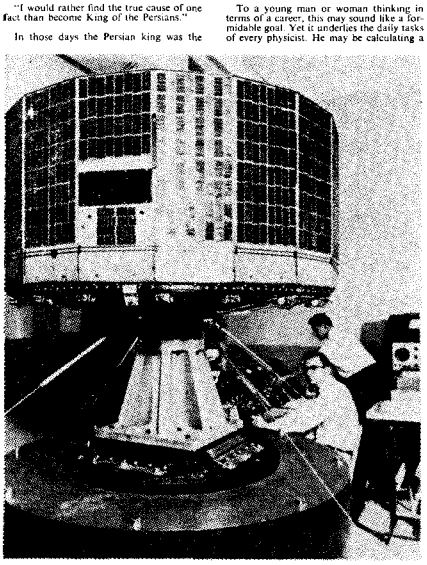
WHEN I TELL my students what it really means to be a physicist, I quote Democritus, the Greek philosopher who 2300 years ago believed all matter was made of tiny particles called atoms. He said:

"I would rather find the true cause of one fact than become King of the Persians."

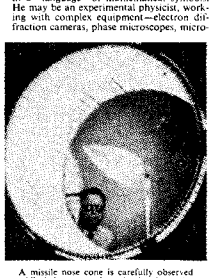
In those days the Persian king was the world's most powerful ruler. Yet to Democritus—as to every great physicist—the most important, satisfying aim in life was the search for fundamental truths which give order and meaning to our universe.

To a young man or woman thinking in terms of a career, this may sound like a formidable goal. Yet it underlies the daily tasks of every physicist. He may be calculating a satellite trajectory, or developing a stronger textile fiber. He may be measuring the earth, or measuring a drop of water. He may probe inside the atom or outside the galaxy. He may be a theoretical physicist, working with pencil and paper, asking questions of the cosmos in a "language" of mathematical symbols. He may be an experimental physicist, working with complex equipment—electron diffraction cameras, phase microscopes, microwave amplifiers—to test a theory or to give it practical application.

But in each case the physicist is seeking knowledge about the basic structure and behavior of space and time, matter and energy.



Physicists have played vital roles in such important space developments as Tiros. This satellite is designed to take still pictures of the earth's cloud cover and transmit them to ground installations.



A missile nose cone is carefully observed while being exposed to simulated aerodynamic heating conditions. Tests help provide needed information for the design and development of hypersonic flight vehicles.

Comparing materials under a barrage of atoms is typical of this woman's many interesting research projects.

The Challenges Ahead

A hundred years ago man thought he'd solved all nature's secrets. "There is nothing left to discover," he said. We know how foolish such thinking is. In the past 25 years man has gained more new knowledge than in all previous history. He has peered farther into the reaches of infinity than ever before. Yet each forward step brings him to new, ever-expanding frontiers.

What are some of these new frontiers in physics?

We believe we are on the verge of controlling the fusion of hydrogen atoms for the production of power. When we succeed we will be able to convert into energy the oceans' limitless supply of hydrogen.

We are moving into space. We need a more efficient rocket drive, and shielding against cosmic radiation. We need to know what space travel will do to man's body and mind.

Our electronic computers grow increasingly versatile. The development of automatic "thinking" machines, even of robots, is a program already in hand.

Beyond these marvels lie basic problems: the structure of matter; the nature of space and time; an understanding of the universe. These are the frontiers that challenge the physicist of tomorrow.

A Broad and Varied Science

"That is all very well," you are probably saying, "but what will I *do* if I become a physicist?"

There are almost as many answers as there are physicists in our country—and there are nearly 30,000.

Physics is a science of immense scope. Because it deals with fundamentals it cuts across virtually every other science. Traditionally, it included *mechanics* (which deals with how things move and the forces affecting motion), *light, heat, sound, electricity,* and *magnetism.* But since physicists unlocked the atom's core new fields have opened: *nuclear physics, plasma physics, solid state physics, electronics, cryogenics, radioactivity, ultrasonics,* to name just a few.

Today nearly half our physicists work in industry. They are young (80% are under 45) and their jobs are important. You might work for an aircraft manufacturer or an electronics firm, or for a company involved in atomic power, guided missiles, satellites, long-range communication, and similar fields. You would be contributing vital skills to the nation's security and scientific progress.

Or you might be part of a team researching new and better products for any one of a host of industries: petroleum, chemicals, metals, textiles, paper, rubber, drugs, plastics, glass, food products—the list is long. You would be contributing to your fellow-man's safety, or pleasure, or health, or efficiency, or well-being.

Sometimes a discovery in physics can create an entire industry. For example, the transistor—a tiny "solid state" device that controls and amplifies electric signals—was developed about 10 years ago by three young physicists. Today over 100 companies do a $500,000,000-a-year business in transistors and other semiconductors. They have made possible guided missiles and pocket-sized radios, electronic "brains" and long-distance dialing.

A third of the nation's physicists teach the science. If you taught, yours would be perhaps the most important job of all; for the growing interest in physics has created a severe shortage of competent, inspiring teachers, both in high schools and colleges.

Another major employer of physicists is the Federal Government. This does not mean only the Defense Department, the Atomic Energy Commission and the National Aeronautics and Space Administration. There are vital jobs with the Geological Survey, Agriculture Department, Weather Bureau and National Bureau of Standards.

Some physicists go into business for themselves as consultants, usually after several years' experience working for others.

The Need for Advanced Education

It is not easy to become a physicist. Physics, like most worthwhile professions, demands effort and training. The minimum requirement is a Bachelor of Science degree. (If you have a bent for physics you'll be wise to get a headstart by taking all the science and math you can in high school.) But professional advancement may be less rapid without a graduate degree—an M.S. and, preferably, also a Ph.D. The more challenging assignments and the greater financial rewards go to the physicist who has his doctorate.

This means at least seven years of costly higher education. But no student needs to feel discouraged for financial reasons. A great many scholarships are available for undergraduates, and fellowships and graduate assistantships to graduate students. Many of the assistantships pay a stipend to the student for research or teaching, and also cover tuition. Hundreds of employers eagerly hire student physicists for well-paying summer jobs.

What qualities should a budding physicist have?

Obviously, a basic interest in natural phenomena, and a real desire to learn their whys and wherefores. Beyond this, he should:

—comprehend fundamental ideas and be able to apply them;

—reason clearly—observe facts, draw logical conclusions;

—be able to concentrate for sustained periods on a single problem;

—have the patience to repeat an experiment over and over—hundreds of times, if necessary;

—be skilled in higher mathematics;

—have some mechanical aptitude and manual dexterity, particularly if he plans to be an experimental physicist.

Can a girl succeed in physics? Although the number of women physicists is small at present, more and more women are entering the field, especially as laboratory researchers and teachers. A few famous female physicists have made outstanding discoveries: for example, Marie Curie discovered radium, and Lise Meitner's experiments with uranium helped lay the foundation for controlled atomic fission. Today, most research is performed by "teams"—but although the atmosphere of physics is predominantly masculine, women are making successful careers in physics.

A Rewarding, Satisfying Career

I feel the physicist's rewards are great. On a practical level, he has his pick of jobs. While he may not become wealthy, salaries are excellent. Average starting pay for a new graduate ranges from $100 to $150 a week, depending on the degree he holds. Government jobs (mostly under Civil Service) pay about $5200 to $16,000 a year. Teaching salaries are a bit lower—ranging from about $4000 for an instructor to $15,000 for a department chairman. Wages are highest in industry. They can exceed $20,000 a year. A man who combines a physicist's knowledge and executive talents can reach high levels. Many major companies are run by physicists.

But the intangible rewards are greater. There is no thrill equal to solving a problem no one else has been able to. Or of "finding the true cause" of a fact. There is adventure, too. The physicist stands on the missile launching pad, goes beneath the sea, balloons into the upper atmosphere. Some day he may stand on the moon. Finally, the physicist learns to be open-minded, to respect truth. He grows not so much proud of his conquest of the universe as humble before the immensity of its conception.

Some people think of the physicist as the "bad guy" who got us into "this mess"—potential H-bomb war. But it is rather the physicist's recognized solemn obligation to weld human understanding to scientific progress. His contributions must be for human welfare. His aim must be to improve the life of his fellow-man.

Booklets Available on Other Careers

This article on a Career as a Physicist is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years of College." Check booklet you want below, and mail coupon today.

A MUTUAL COMPANY nylic FOUNDED IN 1845

The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know

Copyright 1960, New York Life Insurance Company

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO., Career Dept. S-30
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.

Please send me your booklet on the following—at no obligation.

☐ Accountant	☐ Lawyer
☐ Advertising	☐ Librarian
☐ Aeronautical Engineer	☐ Life Insurance
☐ Architect	☐ Mathematician
☐ Armed Forces	☐ Medical Technologist
☐ Atomic Scientist	☐ Mineral Industry
☐ Banker	☐ Newspaperman
☐ Business for Yourself	☐ Nurse
☐ Chemist	☐ Personnel Work
☐ City Planning	☐ Pharmacist
☐ Clergy	☐ Physicist
☐ Counselor	☐ Printing Industry
☐ Dentist	☐ Public Servant
☐ Doctor	☐ Rehabilitation Services
☐ Electronic Engineer	☐ Retailing
☐ Engineer	☐ Salesman
☐ Farmer	☐ Scientist
☐ Food Retailing	☐ Secretary
☐ Foreign Service	☐ Social Worker
☐ Forester	☐ Teacher
☐ Home Economist	☐ Traffic Manager
☐ Hospital Administrator	☐ The Cost of Four Years of College

*My Name*_____

*I am a student*____ *parent*____ *teacher*____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

ProQuest 10052 ... ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Power of Significant Involvement

By WILLIAM D. PATTERSON

MODERN advertising may not be an art, but in the United States it has become at least a creative profession. It was in the proven capacity of advertising for creative communication that American business invested the record sum of $11.9 billion last year.

This massive vote of economic confidence in the persuasive powers of advertising did not, however, obscure the fact that 1960 was, in many respects, an unhappy year for the profession. Government officials, politicians, and thoughtful critics harassed the advertising community with charges of wastefulness and materialism, of exaggerated claims, and of subordinating the "public sector" of the national economy to excessive profits for the "private sector." These arguments figured loudly in the Presidential campaign.

In a society as interconnected and interdependent as that of the United States, the communication impact of advertising is naturally a highly visible factor that attracts the attention of responsible observers. Professor David M. Potter, chairman of American Studies at Yale University, has described advertising as "one of the very limited group of institutions which can properly be called 'instruments of social control.'" Such instruments, according to Professor Potter, include the church, government, schools, business, and the press.

In this sense, advertising is not only the single most pervasive taste-maker and economic stimulator in our society, but it also has developed to an extraordinary degree the power of significant involvement between American business and the American public.

This is a phenomenon peculiar to the United States, a business-oriented civilization and economic democracy in which the continued prosperity, indeed the survival, of an industry or corporation depends on public approval of corporations as socially responsible institutions. Business is concerned, therefore, that its policies, ideas, goals, and activities be understood favorably by the citizenry at large, whether consumers, workers, stockholders, public officials, labor leaders, or opinion-makers.

Because business, government, and the citizenry are inextricably involved with each other, business has increasingly sought to make this involvement meaningful for all parties. A principal voice, idea-communicator, and image-maker in recent years has been advertising, advertising harnessed not to sell a product or service but to present new concepts and new ideas of industries or corporations as socially enlightened members of the community.

Saturday Review has been, and is, deeply concerned with the communications patterns through which public attitudes and actions are influenced in the United States. It was out of this concern that last October the magazine established a regular Communications Supplement to maintain a continuing scrutiny of the performance of our communications mechanisms, including advertising. It was because of this concern for the useful and constructive impact of "idea" advertising on the American people that *SR* established its annual awards for distinguished advertising in the public interest nine years ago.

The 1961 awards were determined by a committee of twenty-eight judges, including prominent educators, editors, teachers, publishers, public opinion analysts, and advertising and public relations executives. They were willing to serve because they shared *SR*'s conviction about the vital impact of insti-

AWARDS COMMITTEE

Peter W. Allport, *President, Association of National Advertisers*
Courtney C. Brown, *Dean, Graduate School of Business, Columbia University*
Leo Burnett, *Chairman of the Board, Leo Burnett Company, Inc.*
John H. Casey, *Professor of Journalism and Advertising, University of Oklahoma*
Leo Cherne, *Executive Director, Research Institute of America, Inc.*
G. D. Crain, Jr., *Publisher, Advertising Age*
John P. Cunningham, *Chairman of the Board, Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*
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Theodore Repplier, *President, Advertising Council Inc.*
Elmo Roper, *Public Opinion Consultant, Elmo Roper and Associates*
Nicholas Samstag, *President, Nicholas Samstag, Inc.*
Warner S. Shelly, *President, N. W. Ayer & Son Inc.*
D. C. Stewart, *President, Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Stanley F. Teele, *Dean, Graduate School of Business Administration, Harvard University*
Willard L. Thompson, *Assistant to the President, University of Minnesota*
Henry M. Wriston, *President, American Assembly, Columbia University*
James Webb Young, *Senior Consultant and Director, J. Walter Thompson Company*

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tutional advertising on American ideas and attitudes and about the leading role of such advertising in the U.S. communications network.

There is an astonishing and impressive variety of public interest advertising in the United States today. To scan it is a formidable task. It appears in general magazines week after week, month after month, in a range and volume that testify to the importance business attaches to presenting as informative and persuasive an image as possible to the American public. Out of this mass of advertisements the screening and judging process finally named twenty-three advertisers—five fewer than last year—for outstanding achievement. In addition, the poignant campaign of The Easter Seal Fund Appeal and the "Give Now to Radio Free Europe" campaign of the Advertising Council, the nonprofit, public-service arm of the business and advertising communities, were cited for superior contributions to the public interest.

Furthermore, ten television and radio programs were cited which, in both content and execution, the judges thought had served the public interest well.

In recognition of the growing importance of reality programs on television and radio, when the American public needs to be ever better informed about the critical problems confronting us at home and abroad, and in tribute to a sponsor policy of hands-off in the process of shaping such quality programs, the judges awarded a Special Citation to five corporate sponsors. The citation was also a reaction against sponsor interference in other cases and against the mediocre conformity that has cluttered the television channels with endless Westerns and colorless entertainment. The full text of the citation appears on page 45.

The seven advertising campaigns that received the most votes from the judges in the very close balloting were those below, listed in the order in which the judges selected them. For the first time in the history of *SR*'s awards, two campaigns tied for first place, and it will be noted that the competition was so intense that six of the seven top winners figured in ties.

1. International Paper Co.
   New York Life Insurance Co.
3. Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
4. Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)
   Parke, Davis & Company
6. Weyerhaeuser Company
   John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.

Details of the various advertising awards and citations are given in the boxes on the accompanying pages. Several of the winning advertisements are also reproduced.

The criteria for evaluating the various campaigns, as set forth on the ballot used by the judges, follow:

"The campaigns all lie within the broad definition of public interest advertising because they provide information about a company, an industry, or some aspect of life or thought in the U.S. which it is useful for the public to know or be made freshly aware of.

"Within the broad, general framework of this definition, there are three more specific categories of public interest advertising. They are: (1) corporate advertising, which explains the continuing research, the engineering or management efforts a company makes to improve its products or services; (2) public relations advertising, through

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NINTH ANNUAL *SR* AWARDS: There follow in alphabetical order the names of the twenty-three advertisers who won *Saturday Review*'s Ninth Annual Awards for distinguished advertising in the public interest, along with the names of the agencies that prepared the winning campaigns:

COMPANY	AGENCY
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Association of American Railroads	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
British Travel Association	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Leo Burnett Company, Inc.	*Leo Burnett Company, Inc.*
Caterpillar Tractor Co.	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Commonwealth of Puerto Rico	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Container Corporation of America	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
International Business Machines Corp.	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
International Paper Co.	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.	*McCann-Erickson, Inc.*
Johns-Manville Corp.	*Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*
The Magazine Industry Campaign	*McCann-Erickson, Inc.*
Mead Johnson & Co.	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
New York Life Insurance Co.	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
North American Aviation, Inc.	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
Parke, Davis & Co.	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Corp. Division of United Aircraft Corp.	*Campbell-Ewald Company*
Shell Oil Company (Traffic Quiz)	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
United States Steel Corp. (Corporate & Special Report campaigns)	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
Young & Rubicam, Inc.	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Weyerhaeuser Company	*Cole & Weber, Inc.*

Special Mention:

The Advertising Council:	
Radio Free Europe	*Ted Bates & Company, Inc.*
Easter Seal Fund Appeal	*Leo Burnett Company, Inc.*

Because of the closeness of the voting in the Committee of Judges, thirteen runners-up for awards are also listed here in alphabetical order:

COMPANY	AGENCY
American Can Company	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
AVCO Corporation	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
Blue Cross Association, Inc.	*J. Walter Thompson Co.*
Electric Companies Advertising Program	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Glass Container Manufacturers Institute	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
The Martin Company	*Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.*
New York Stock Exchange	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
Newsweek	*J. M. Hickerson, Inc.*
Rand McNally & Company	*Grant Advertising, Inc.*
S & H Green Stamps	*Sullivan, Stauffer, Colwell & Bayles, Inc.*
Shell Oil Company (Corporate)	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
The Warner & Swasey Co.	*The Griswold-Eshleman Co.*
Western Electric	*Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*

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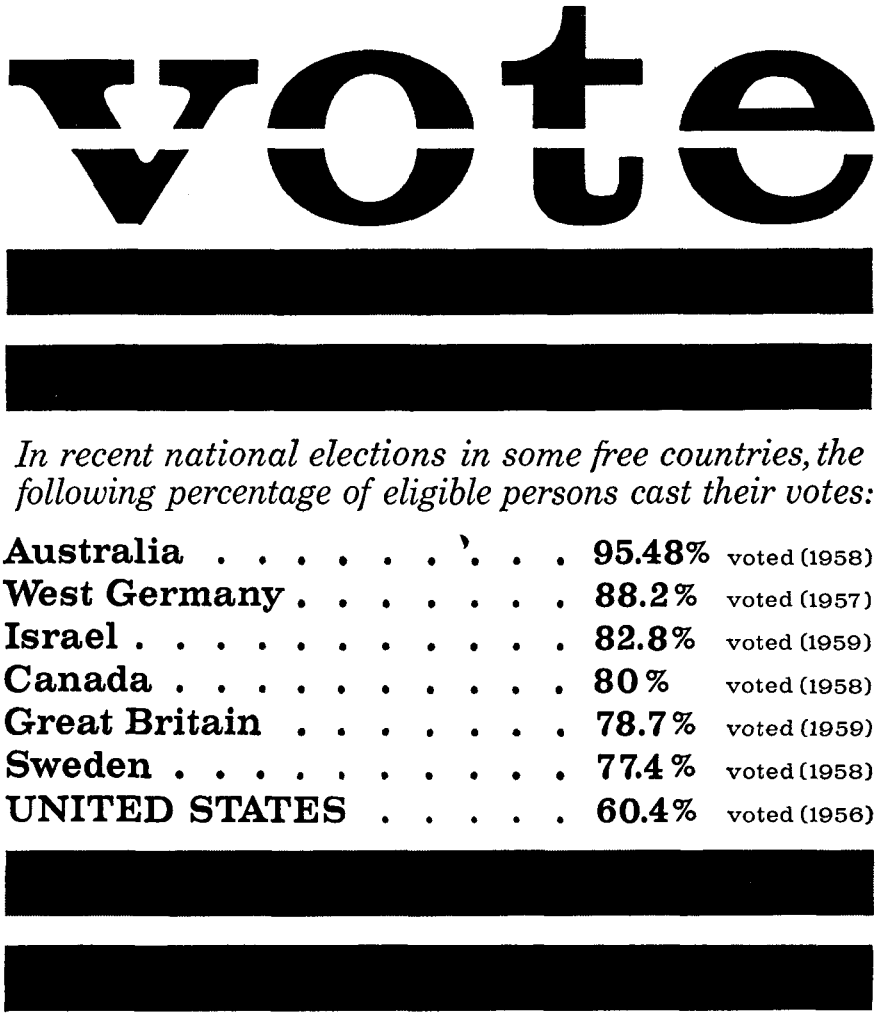
TOP PUBLIC SERVICE AD: The awards judges named as the leading example of public service advertising the "Vote" advertisement of Metropolitan Life Insurance Co. Striking in its original red, white, and blue color pattern, this ad effectively urged U.S. citizens—on a nonpartisan basis—to turn out at the polls last November and cast an informed, intelligent ballot.→


vote
In recent national elections in some free countries, the following percentage of eligible persons cast their votes:
Australia . . . . . 95.48% voted (1958)
West Germany . . . . . 88.2% voted (1957)
Israel . . . . . 82.8% voted (1959)
Canada . . . . . 80% voted (1958)
Great Britain . . . . . 78.7% voted (1959)
Sweden . . . . . 77.4% voted (1958)
UNITED STATES . . . . . 60.4% voted (1956)
It is no credit to our democracy when four out of every ten persons forfeit the privilege of expressing their convictions about the candidates and the issues of a national election.
Your vote counts! Victories in many elections are often determined by the barest of margins. For example, one prominent Senator won the post he now occupies by a margin of only 87 votes, with 988,295 cast.
To vote is a right and a privilege. To cast your vote intelligently is a duty.
See to it that you and every eligible member of your family vote on November 8th.
Metropolitan Life
INSURANCE COMPANY©
A MUTUAL COMPANY
1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

which a company or industry discusses the problems, policies, social philosophy, or economic goals of the company or industry, or illuminates some aspect of the American scene or background, or discusses the basic principles of American enterprise in a way to shed light for the reader on the economy or society in which he lives; and (3) public service advertising, which is designed to promote voluntary individual actions to solve national problems, usually problems which have been certified by the Advertising Council, such as better roads, preventing forest fires, better schools, highway safety, encouraging religion in American life, the buying of U.S. savings bonds, voting in national elections, reducing prejudice, and other worthwhile causes.

"The dividing line between these categories, while significant, is quite thin, and often elusive of precise definition. Some campaigns may conceivably fall into two or even three of these categories. At other times the category of the campaign is quite clear.

"Criteria: The following factors should be considered in evaluating the effectiveness of the campaign as a form of idea communication in the public interest: (1) Theme: the extent to which it enlarged the reader's knowledge of our American social, cultural or economic institutions, traditions, or problems. (The judges may or may not agree with the point of view of the theme, but may agree that it is useful to have the point of view stated); (2) Text: especially style, readability, impact, objectivity, clarity, precision, and pointedness; (3) Layout: typography, artwork, and general design; (4) Overall originality: taste, freshness and imaginativeness of conception, execution, and creative vision within the strict bounds of honesty of presentation.

"To help the judges define the intent of their votes more precisely the ballot permits you to vote not only for a campaign under the general criteria of public interest, but also under one of the three subcategories."

In something as subtle and complex as modern advertising, it was recognized that the above criteria were more benchmarks than rigid rules for

PUBLIC SERVICE CAMPAIGNS: In the balloting for the over-all Awards for Public Interest Advertising, the judges also voted for the various campaigns in three special categories to add precision to their votes. This box lists in alphabetical order the winners in the Public Service category. In two boxes on the following pages winners are also listed in the other two special categories, Public Relations and Corporate.

COMPANY	AGENCY
American Telephone & Telegraph Co.	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Caterpillar Tractor Co.	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
Container Corporation of America	*N. W. Ayer & Son, Inc.*
General Motors Corp.	*Campbell-Ewald Company*
International Paper Co.	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Johns-Manville Corp.	*Cunningham & Walsh, Inc.*
Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Newsweek	*J. M. Hickerson, Inc.*
New York Life Insurance Co.	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
Rand McNally & Co.	*Grant Advertising, Inc.*
Shell Oil Company (Traffic Quiz)	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
United States Steel Corp. (Special Report)	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*

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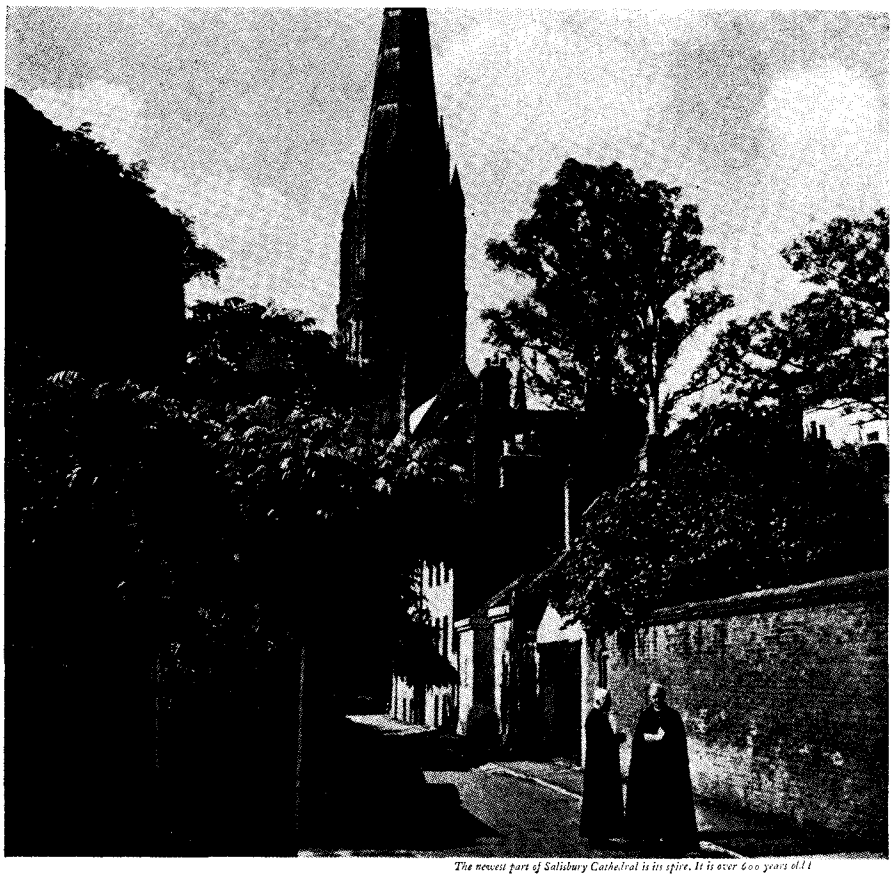

The newest part of Salisbury Cathedral is its spire. It is over 600 years old.

How to hear the music of an old cathedral town

AFTER TRAVELLING all day, most people long for five simple things. A friendly welcome. A hot bath. A good dinner. A comfortable night's lodging. And *peace*.

Britain's great cathedral towns have provided these creature comforts for centuries. They still do.

Imagine arriving in Salisbury on the evening our photograph was taken. The first thing you notice is the peace. It isn't a dumb silence but a gentle harmony of sounds. The whirr of a lawn mower. The slippered footsteps of devout men. The creak of praying oaks.

You find your inn and the music changes. There's a promise of refreshment in the jolly clunk of beer pumps. A promise of good fellowship in the sunburned country laughter. And a promise of good cheer in the kitchen chatter of dishes. The menu looks so tempting that you hurry down to dinner and postpone your bath. Ah well.

Salisbury is only one of thirty great cathedral towns that offer the same sort of welcome. Some travelers plan their tours so that they stay at a cathedral town every night. It makes delightful sense. Ask your travel agent.

For free color booklet, "Old Towns of Britain," see your travel agent or write Box 134, British Travel Association. In New York—680 Fifth Avenue; In Los Angeles—606 South Hill St.; In Chicago—39 South La Salle St.; In Canada—90 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TOP PUBLIC RELATIONS AD: In an exceptionally strong field, the quiet but evocative ad reproduced above created in its original four-color version an appealing image of life in Britain and of the warm hospitality and dependable welcome that await U.S. visitors among the island's historic cathedral towns and friendly people.

PUBLIC RELATIONS CAMPAIGNS: An alphabetical list of the winners follows:

COMPANY	AGENCY
Association of American Railroads	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
British Travel Association	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
Leo Burnett Company, Inc.	*Leo Burnett Company, Inc.*
Commonwealth of Puerto Rico	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
International Paper Co.	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co.	*McCann-Erickson, Inc.*
The Magazine Industry Campaign	*McCann-Erickson, Inc.*
Parke, Davis & Company	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Standard Oil Company (New Jersey)	*Ogilvy, Benson & Mather, Inc.*
S & H Green Stamps	*Sullivan, Stauffer, Colwell & Bayles, Inc.*
Weyerhaeuser Company	*Cole & Weber, Inc.*
Young & Rubicam, Inc.	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*

judging the campaigns, and it was also acknowledged that individual reactions must in most cases be subjective as well as objective. Many of the campaigns were designed to involve the reader's emotions as much as his reason.

The thematic variety, the creative imagination, the technical skill of the winning advertisements add up to a gallery of communicative achievement of which American business and advertising can be proud. None of these advertisements represented the school of "hammerblow" advertising that depends on slugging the reader repeatedly, no matter how crude the hammer, as advocated recently by one of the profession's prominent men, an executive who described "originality" as the "most dangerous word in advertising." Originality, in fact, is the priceless ingredient in all great advertisements.

The award-winning campaigns aim at and achieve what *SR* regards as "significant involvement" with the reader. For example, the New York Life Insurance Company's top advertisement was devoted to an exposition, in almost solid text, of the requirements and rewards of a career as a physicist, part of a series on significant careers this company has done to help young people and their parents think constructively about their future. This particular advertisement embodied the by-lined views of Arthur H. Compton, one of this country's most eminent physicists.

Under the caption "Send me a man who *reads!*" the other No. 1 advertisement of the year was dedicated to the proposition that the habit of sustained reading is one of the most valuable resources that any man or woman can acquire, for professional success, for cultural enrichment, and for personal pleasure. International Paper Co. obviously has a stake in the printed word since the word is printed on paper, just as New York Life Insurance has a stake in establishing contact with parents interested in insuring the education of their children, but in both cases these are "significant involvements" that serve the private interest of the advertiser, the personal interest of the reader, and the public interest of our nation.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's prize advertisement, striking in the red, white, and blue of the original, was a concise, effective appeal to the American voter to cast his ballot on election day last November. As can be seen in the black-and-white reproduction on page 43, the ad makes a timeless point for a democracy in these simple but eloquent words: "To vote is a right and a privilege. To cast your vote intelligently is a duty." This great corporation is saying that it, too, is a citizen of the USA, sharing a common

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stake with every policyholder and voter in the wise, responsible conduct of our public affairs.

In the area of this country's relations with other nations, the economic bonds between U.S. industry and industries overseas are critical. The "International Friendship" campaign of Standard Oil (N.J.), on this score, has projected brilliantly a sense of the company's good citizenship as an overseas enterprise in many countries and as a corporate citizen who understood and respected the culture, the mores and the methods of the various host lands.

For Standard Oil "international friendship" obviously is a two-way street. Comparable interconnections are established in the other campaigns cited by the judges, demonstrating that modern advertising is capable of responsible conduct in the service of the public.

As *Saturday Review* has continually stressed, it is important that American advertising, an instrument of social control in the most powerful economy and society on the globe, should be used creatively in the public interest. And such use should be recognized and praised by the critics as well as the champions of advertising.

The critics can see in these twenty-four award-winning campaigns, and the distinguished runners-up, the standard of excellence they have advocated amidst the various day-to-day excesses of printed or televised advertising.

The champions of advertising can see in these same campaigns the standard of excellence which they believe the profession is steadily approaching.

But all can take satisfaction in an achievement that serves the best interests of business, of advertising, and of the public, and harnesses them with the power of significant involvement to the common purposes of our nation in a time of challenge, change, and hope.

SPECIAL CITATION: *To Bell & Howell, Purex, Standard Oil (New Jersey), Gulf Oil, and Nationwide Insurance*, for leadership not only in support of quality television and radio programming, but for both preaching and practising the principle of editorial freedom and noninterference by clients, and especially for providing leadership in the support of serious "reality" programs treating, with the techniques of documentary and interpretive news coverage, the urgent and controversial events occurring in the world today about which the American public needs to be informed and to receive authoritative guidance for understanding.

MEDIEVAL HOSPITALS—reproduced here is one of a series of original oil paintings commissioned by Parke-Davis.

Great Moments in Medicine

Although hospitals were known in many of the Far Eastern lands long before Christ, they were given their greatest stimulus in the Western World by Christian organizations. Like this "Great Room of the Poor", in the Hôtel-Dieu of Beaune, France (founded in 1443), most early institutions were hospices for the poor and indigent before they acquired their more modern role as a place for the care and treatment of the sick.

The clean and efficient hospitals we know today are a development of the last century. Today, one may enter a hospital with a new assurance that he will receive fine medical and nursing care. Gone is the fear of personal safety that was well justified before the use of anesthetics and antiseptics became routine in hospital procedures.

During the past century, too, Parke-Davis has become one of the world's foremost pharmaceutical firms; a leader in discovering, developing, testing, manufacturing, and distributing better medicines for physicians' use in their offices, in hospitals and in homes – medicines that contribute to longer life and better health for the people of the world.

COPYRIGHT 1960-1961—PARKE, DAVIS & COMPANY, DETROIT 32, MICHIGAN

PARKE-DAVIS . . . *Pioneers in better medicines*

TOP CORPORATE AD: **The handsome advertisement of Parke, Davis & Co. is one of a series of four-color tributes to the progress of medicine and medical research; each is a case history of a milestone that has improved the ability of doctors to cure the sick.**

CORPORATE CAMPAIGNS: An alphabetical list of the winners:

COMPANY	AGENCY
American Can Company	*Compton Advertising, Inc.*
AVCO Corporation	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
Glass Container Manufacturers Institute	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
International Business Machines Corp.	*Benton & Bowles, Inc.*
The Martin Company	*Ketchum, MacLeod & Grove, Inc.*
Mead Johnson & Co.	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
North American Aviation, Inc.	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
Parke, Davis & Co.	*Young & Rubicam, Inc.*
Pratt & Whitney Aircraft Corp., Division of United Aircraft Corp.	*Campbell-Ewald Company*
Shell Oil Company (corporate)	*Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc.*
United States Steel Corporation	*Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn, Inc.*
Weyerhaeuser Company	*Cole & Weber, Inc.*

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"Your grandchildren will grow up under Communism!" says NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV
Will the Soviet threat come true? Will your grandchildren live under Communism? Forget God? Salute the Soviet flag? "Never!" you say. But are you sure? How can you oppose Communism? One sure way is to help Radio Free Europe.
The voice is that of Nikita Khrushchev. The audience is American. "Your grandchildren will grow up under Communism!" he shouts. Will your children live to see the Free World die? Forget God? Salute the Soviet flag? "Never!" you say. But are you sure? What can you do to oppose Communism? There is one sure way. Help Radio Free Europe.
What does it do? Every day, to 19 million captive people behind the Iron Curtain, it broadcasts news of the outside world. It helps keep these people from turning to Communism. The Poles, Czechs, Bulgarians, Rumanians and Hungarians. It keeps alive their friendship for America. It reaches over 90% of these people. Despite Communist jamming. Thousands of letters echo the plea. "God Bless You! Please keep Radio Free Europe on the air!"
These people are the buffers between Russia and the Free World.
They pose a major obstacle to the Russians starting any war. And Radio Free Europe is their strongest link with the Free World.
But Radio Free Europe depends on individual Americans for its existence. How about it? Will you help? ... Give a dollar? ... Give five dollars? ... or more? Surely your heart tells you to give something so that our children—and all children—shall live in freedom throughout the world.
Give Now To... RADIO FREE EUROPE
The American People's Counter-Voice to Communism
Mail your contributions to: Radio Free Europe Fund, P. O. Box 1961, Mt. Vernon 10, New York

PUBLIC SERVICE ADVERTISING: Two examples of public service advertising, named by the awards judges as outstanding this year, are reproduced above and below. Created by the Leo Burnett Agency for the Easter Seal Fund Appeal, the poignant ad below goes straight to the heart of the reader with its message of hope based on courage and generosity. Above is an ad created by Ted Bates & Co. for the Advertising Council to inspire contributions to the operations of Radio Free Europe so that the voice of the free world might be heard behind the Iron Curtain in the continuing cold war struggle with Soviet Communism. This is only one of many public-service themes endorsed and sponsored by the Council. Many such messages have been carried to the American public on behalf of better schools, forest fire prevention, highway safety, buying U.S. Savings Bonds, the Red Cross, etc. by national magazines, newspapers, and radio and television stations that contributed $180 million worth of free space or time during 1960 alone.

DON'T LOOK IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE SIGHT OF COURAGE
Therapy can hurt, but she's game. Determined not to stay a cripple. Therapy also costs—more than any child can pay. But people have got to help people, and she's got the guts if you've got the cash. Put your money where your heart is. Fight with her—against crippling. Give to Easter Seals.
Easter Seals are easy to get and fun for your children to use at Eastertime. We have your name; we'll send your seals early in March. You can return your contribution in the self-addressed envelope that accompanies them. (If we should miss you in our Easter Seal appeal, please call us. We're listed under "Easter Seal Society" in most metropolitan phone books. Otherwise, write to "Crippled Children", care of your local post office.)
The Easter Seals you use enable the Easter Seal Society, through its many clinics and centers, to help people fight against these disorders—crippling accidents, poliomyelitis, cerebral palsy, multiple sclerosis, muscular dystrophy, arthritis, birth deformities, speech defects and many others.
"Fight with them—against crippling"
THE EASTER SEAL FUND APPEAL

SR's TV AND RADIO CITATIONS: There follow the details of the ten television and radio programs cited by *Saturday Review*'s 1961 Awards Committee for distinguished achievement in the public interest.

TEXACO, INC. — **THE HUNTLEY-BRINKLEY REPORT** — **NBC-TV**

"The team of Huntley and Brinkley has continued to perform responsibly at a general level much above what passes for news coverage elsewhere, being unafraid to take an editorial position or express viewpoints that by television standards are often provocative. Deserving of special commendation is NBC's intelligent and comprehensive coverage of the national conventions and the subsequent Presidential campaign. An additional distinction has also been given NBC news by Miss Pauline Frederick, whose reports on the United Nations are informed, authoritative, and skilfully concise."

FORD MOTOR COMPANY — **LEONARD BERNSTEIN AND THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC** — **CBS-TV**

"For a masterful display in a mass medium of the art of teaching understanding and appreciation of great music; for proving that education, entertainment, and impeccable taste are not necessarily incompatible."

PHILIP MORRIS, INC. — **CBS REPORTS** — **CBS-TV**

"For adult, responsible reporting on major issues involving the American people and the security of their institutions in a hostile, troubled world, with especial mention of 'The Year of the Polaris' and the notable presentation of the mind and personality of Walter Lippmann."

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (New Jersey) — **"THE PLAY OF THE WEEK"** — **WNTA-TV**

"For creating a new television format, produced and acted with a superb blend of taste, talent, and dedication by all concerned, with particular commendation for the production of Eugene O'Neill's 'The Iceman Cometh.'"

AMERICAN BROADCASTING COMPANY — **ABC-TV**
COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM — **THE GREAT DEBATES** — **CBS-TV**
NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY — **NBC-TV**

"For a trail-blazing contribution of historic proportions to American political life, in which the televison industry provided both leadership and facilities with a high sense of national purpose and public responsibility."

UNITED STATES TIME CORPORATION — **NBC WHITE PAPER** — **NBC-TV**

"For a significant new effort to present the thoughtful listening public with a series of searching inquiries into developments directly involving America's moral ability to provide world leadership; for the high purpose realized in two dramatic telecasts, 'The U-2 Affair' and 'Sit-In.'"

TEXACO, INC. — **THE METROPOLITAN OPERA** — **RADIO**

"For faithful devotion year after year to the music-loving public of the United States and for a tenacity by the sponsor above and beyond the call of duty in lining up his own network of individual stations for this program when the established networks did not offer satisfactory broadcasting conditions."

SHELL OIL COMPANY — **NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERTS WITH LEONARD BERNSTEIN** — **CBS-TV**

"For making classical music enchanting to children; for proving that children are receptive to the best when pedantry steps aside for artistry."

BELL & HOWELL COMPANY
MEAD JOHNSON COMPANY — **WINSTON CHURCHILL: THE VALIANT YEARS** — **ABC-TV**

"For mobilizing the documentary resources of television to present the history of the valiant leader of a valiant age in a manner worthy of the subject."

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY — **NBC OPERA COMPANY** — **NBC-TV**

"For original and tasteful presentation of opera to a mass audience, a splendid achievement in meeting the cultural responsibilities of a great medium of public communication; for the noteworthy presentation of 'Don Giovanni.'"

The following programs were runners-up in the close voting:

HALLMARK CARDS, INC. — **MACBETH** — **NBC-TV**
NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY — **THE SHARI LEWIS SHOW** — **NBC-TV**
REVLON, INC. — **BELAFONTE, NEW YORK 19** — **CBS-TV**
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION — **AN HOUR WITH DANNY KAYE** — **CBS-TV**
AMERICAN MACHINE & FOUNDRY CORP. — **TOMORROW** — **CBS-TV**
NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY — **WATCH MR. WIZARD** — **NBC-TV**
LOCALLY SPONSORED — **NATIONAL CONVENTION COVERAGE** — **CORINTHIAN BROADCASTING CORP.**
THE AMERICAN JEWISH COMMITTEE — **DESTINY'S TOT** — **NBC-TV**
THE PUREX CORPORATION — **THE SACCO-VANZETTI STORY** — **NBC-TV**

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CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted; personal services; literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent, tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion 55¢ per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times 47¢ per word each insertion; 26 times 49¢ per word each insertion; 13 times 51¢ per word each insertion; 6 times 53¢ per word each insertion. Full payment must be received seventeen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 36, New York.

LITERARY SERVICES

TOPS IN TYPING—LEAHEYS, Seven Park Avenue, NYC. MUrray Hill 6-4464.

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Ambassador Office Service, 17 East 48th Street, NYC. PLaza 5-1127.

MANUSCRIPTS PROFESSIONALLY TYPED. Tape recordings transcribed. STILLMAN ASSOCIATES, 1394 Third Avenue (at 79th Street), NYC. TRafalgar 9-9177.

PRIVATE SECRETARIAL SERVICE—Expert assistance. Pick the time—your office or mine. GRamercy 7-2275 NYC.

TYPING MANY COPIES (Electromatic). Also mimeographing. Typing Service, 40 West 45th Street, NYC, MUrray Hill 2-1932.

YOUR BOOK beautifully printed and bound. Armstrong Hunter, Milford, New Hampshire.

GRAPHICS—Charts, layouts, illustrations for reproduction; visuals, exhibits. Reasonable, conscientious. STUDIO ARTS, Box 1311, Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

BOOKS

SAVE TO 83% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, IRD-5435 Upland Way, Philadelphia 31.

SEND FOR free remainder book catalogue. All subjects. National Book Company, 565 Fifth, NYC. MUrray Hill 2-3908.

THE PAPERBACK BOOKSELLER — "If it's bound in paper—we're bound to have it." 147 Front Street, Hempstead, N. Y. We pay postage.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS—all subjects. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. Transbooks, North Wantagh, New York.

BOOKS ABOUT ASIA—ORIENTALIA, 11 East 12th Street, New York 3, New York. Free Catalogue S.

AMERICANA. Literature, History, Fiction. Catalogues free. Wants solicited. PYETELL'S BOOKSHOP, 333 Fifth Avenue, Pelham, New York.

SOCIALIST BOOKS. Catalogue, literature, FREE. New York Labor News Company, Dept. X, 61 Cliff Street, NYC 38.

"FORT WORTH IN THE CIVIL WAR," by James Farber. Illustrated. Cloth. Bell Press. 200 signed, numbered author's edition, $5. No dealers. Trade edition, $2.50. Usual discounts. Box S-327.

IRISH BIBLIOGRAPHY, published Dublin, describes 1,600 books relating to Ireland, ancient and modern. 178 pages. One Dollar, postpaid. Irish House, Cozaddale, Ohio.

FRENCH BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP, 556 Madison Avenue, New York's French bookshop, where French books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalogue 60¢.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE — many beautiful designs. Special designing too. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 7, Ohio.

OUT-OF-PRINT

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT! Prices surprisingly low! INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California.

PERSISTENT SEARCHING gets results. Satisfaction guaranteed. Trading Post, Room 4, Lisbon, New Hampshire.

BIBLIOPHILES: World Wide Research — Immediate Quotations. Try me first! John Friend, Bookfinder, Box 2570, Long Beach 1, California.

LOCATE ANY BOOK. No obligation. Aardvarks Booksearchers. Box 668, San Diego 12, California.

CAN'T GET IT? We'll find it and fast. BEACON HILL BOOKSELLERS, 84 Charles Street, Boston 14, Massachusetts.

BOOKS LOCATED any subject. Put our vigorous search service to work! You'll like our prices and fast, no-obligation service. BOOKMARK, 51K Walnut, Mt. Clemens, Michigan.

NAME THE BOOK—We'll get it. CHICAGO BOOK MART, Chicago Heights, Illinois.

ANY BOOK LOCATED. Free catalogue. MID-WEST BOOK SERVICE, 4301 Kensington, Detroit 24, Michigan.

BAER'S BOOK SEARCH, 2856 Woodlawn Terrace, Memphis 7, Tennessee. We will find the book you want.

ART

HIGH IN COLORADO ROCKIES, Aspen School of Contemporary Art: paint, draw, sculpt full 10-week session, or weekly. Artists-in-Residence Edward Dugmore, Larry Day, Francois Stahly, Yvonne Thomas, Guests. Write for Summer now: G. Price, Director, 119 East 10th Street, New York 3, New York.

JAPANESE HANDMADE PAPER. Descriptive catalogue with samples, $1.00. IIS, CPO Box 1539, Tokyo, Japan.

e o m (Ernest Otto Mondorf) paintings and sculpture through April 29th. FAR Gallery, 746 Madison, New York 21.

FRIENDLY Little Art School in cuaint TAXCO. Individual instruction. Inexpensive living and tuition. Bilingual teachers. TAXCO SCHOOL OF ART, Taxco, Guerrero, Mexico. Brochure.

OUTDOOR PAINTING—Peaceful Vermont. Request folder: Jay Connaway, N.A., Dorset 5, Vermont.

THE DRAWING SHOP. Original drawings and sketches from the 16th to the 19th century. 45 Christopher Street, New York 14, New York. WAtkins 9-7265.

INSTITUTO DE ARTE COZUMEL. Paint and study with Mexican and American masters on exotic Cozumel Island, Mexico. Summer Session June 15th-September 15th. Inexpensive tuition and living. Information: Harold Michelson, 19 West 44th Street, New York 36, New York, OXford 7-9146.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS. Free big catalogue. Lowest prices, mail only. Artist Aids, 20 Southmountain, Millburn, New Jersey.

RECORD MART

78 R.P.M. RECORDINGS, 1902—'50, sold. Free list. Collections bought. E. Hirshmann, P.O.B. 155(A), Verona, New Jersey.

RECORD list. Outstanding selections. Many out of print items. Specify classical or jazz. Record Centre, Dept. SSA, 41 West 8th Street, NYC.

PERIODICALS

CIVIL WAR HISTORY, now in its seventh year, is recognized internationally as the authoritative quarterly on the 1861-1865 era. Each number contains documented articles by established historians on all phases of the war. Regular features include book reviews, bibliographical columns, and a notes and queries section for readers. Subscription rate: $5 per year, payable in advance. Address orders: Civil War History, State University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa.

FOREIGN PERIODICALS

ITALIAN PERIODICALS. Italian Publishers. Times Tower, New York 36.

FRENCH AND POLISH PERIODICALS. European Publishers, 1002 Times Tower, New York 36.

BACK NUMBERS

MAGAZINE SPECIALISTS—Stock of 1,200,000 back issues. "BACK NUMBER" Wilkins, Danvers, Mass.

LANGUAGES

FREE TRIAL—European Spanish, American Spanish, French, German, Russian, Italian, Modern Greek, any of 34 languages. Outstanding native linguists give you authentic pronunciation fluency in 20 minutes a day. Speak, read, write, with Linguaphone. The World's Standard Conversational Method. Try complete course FREE, no obligation. For details, write, call: Linguaphone Institute, South Mezzanine, 54 RCA Building, New York 20. CIrcle 7-0830.

FOR THE GOURMET

VOLUPTUOUS VICTUALS, VERILY! Maine seafoods, spreads, dips, soups, entrees. Vociferate ineluctably at your esculents purveyancer for "Atlantic" Brand. Consummately tinned! Look Canning, Cutler, Maine.

HOBBIES

25 DIFFERENT LARGE American Commemoratives, 10¢ with approvals. Linstamp, St. Catharines 113, Ontario.

PERSONALS

FRENCH, ITALIAN—SPEAK FLUENTLY. Efficient, interesting method. PLaza 3-7092 NYC.

HISTORICAL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—For free catalogue write Wayne J. Anderson, 545 West 111th Street, NYC 25.

BERLIN TO ISTANBUL by de luxe Motorcoach seeing Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, Turkey; cruise Greek Isles of the Aegean and Adriatic Dalmatian Coast. This and 20 other imaginative off-the-beaten-trail adventures to seldom-seen lands are illustrated in new, 56-page Maupintour travel book. Ask your Travel Agent for your free copy or write Maupintour, 400 Madison Avenue, New York City. No obligation.

CAPES: we have some more ideas, good ones we think! Carol Brown, Irish Tweeds, Putney, Vermont.

SEEKING PEACE OF MIND? Free homestudy course in the Catholic Religion. PAULIST FATHERS INSTRUCTION CENTER, Dept. S, 18 East 76 St., NYC 21.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer free travel, high salaries. Comprehensive new "Guide to Employment Abroad" describes all possibilities Europe, Africa, Asia, Latin America—administrative, teaching, secretarial, professional, aviation, technical, newspaper, etc. Full details on conditions, requirements. Includes "Directory of American Companies Abroad"—Original, most complete booklet also covers employment agencies, government careers overseas. International organizations. Money-back guarantee. $1.00. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York.

BETWEEN ENGAGEMENTS? Temporary office jobs—stenographers, typists, clerks. If you can work three to five days a week in midtown Manhattan, come in and make your plans with us. Accredited Office Service, Room 3018, 60 East 42nd Street, NYC.

ANTIQUE POSTERS—CIRCUS, DRAMA, GAY NINETIES. Spanish Toros, etc. List for stamp. Temple, Box S-549, Mason City, Iowa.

CRABTREE MOVERS, LTD. Prompt, efficient, courteous. Moving, packing, storage. GRamercy 5-2421 NYC.

ITALIAN ARTIST desires to locate in San Francisco area. Seeks teaching fine art, violin—part or full time—year round. Director Institute of Music and Painting, Amman, Jordan, for last five years. Now permanent resident U.S.A. Salary open. Box S-313.

(Continued on page 48)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 47)

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free Catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, statesmen, scientists, military leaders, musicians, etc. Correspondence or single items bought and sold. Established 1887. Catalogue on request. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 18 East 77th Street, NYC 21. REgent 4-3902.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE. Restoring China, Glass, Silver, Ivory, Tortoise Shell, etc., Lamps mounted. Hess Repairs, 168 East 33rd St., NYC 16.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail prices! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money-back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Sr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

EXPERIMENT WITH "SLEEP-LEARNING!" Use your phonograph, recorder. Fascinating, educational. Catalogue, details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-JJ, Olympia, Washington.

MOVE-RITE moves you at lowest insured cost (as little as $6.50 per hour for full van and professional driver). "Anything, anytime, anywhere." Call ORegon 5-0340 NYC.

HUMANISM—The Unifying Movement For Free Minds! Ethical, humanitarian; nonpolitical, nonsupernatural. Interested? American Humanist Association welcomes you; local chapters, publications. Send $1 for 3 month trial membership, or $5 for year, to: American Humanist Association, Dept. SR1, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import Dolmetsch. Purcell. $5, $7.50 up! Student Special, Corelli $3.95; Recorder Music. Methods, Guitar Music. Free catalogue, 4-1-D, HARGAIL, 157 West 57th Street, NYC.

TOP CASH PAID for letters and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues Issued. Charles R Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 22. ELdorado 5-3464-5-6.

IT'S SPRING CLOTHES TIME . . . we have some interesting cottons for you to be working on. Like samples? Carol Brown, Putney 10, Vermont.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT AND STUDY OPPORTUNITIES. New comprehensive directory covers opportunities for teachers, scholars, librarians, administrators and professionals throughout the world. Sections on fellowships and scholarships, teacher exchange programs, governmental careers, international agencies, American and foreign companies, student opportunities abroad, summer positions, etc. Only $1.00. Money-back guarantee. Covington Distributors, Box 704-F, Camden 1, New Jersey.

GOT A GOOD mail order item? Promote it profitably through Jack P. Felton Advertising Agency, 55 West 42nd Street, New York 36. Wisconsin 7-1978.

FIRST CHOICE for successful retirement living, with assured health care. Let yourself live with independence and security in the new Crestview apartments. A rare value with many benefits. Write today —Crestview, Harroun Road, Sylvania—Toledo, Ohio.

CATS FOR ADOPTION. All sizes, all colors. Free. WAtkins 4-8493 NYC.

FINE CLASSIC GUITARS AND LUTES: The "HOFNER" from West Germany and the "CORDOBA" from Spain. Shipped on approval. Also older individual works of world famous Spanish masters. Write for particulars. Locker's—importers, 21 South 18th Street, Philadelphia 3, Pennsylvania.

WE MOVE YOU WITHOUT TEARS—and economically. Insured household moving, packing, and storage. Vans and station wagons—local, long distance. THE PADDED WAGON, INC., ALgonquin 5-8343 NYC.

WANTED: Information about Tunbridge, Vermont, for writing of town history. Box 42, Tunbridge, Vermont.

PERSONALS

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL AND INSTITUTE, July-September. Hamlet, Henry IV, All's Well, MSND, in rotation. Institute offers college credits, scholarships; auditors allowed. Address "Shakespeare," Ashland, Oregon.

ANCIENT ART OF DYEING modernized by craftsmen to redye your rugs, drapes and garments. Duffen Dyers, Portsmouth, Virginia.

PUTTING OFF learning to speak a second language? Why not decide now to investigate our audio-visual programs in French and Russian for beginners, mutes and brusher-uppers? TAVOR LANGUAGE CENTER, 262 Fifth Avenue, New York 1. MUrray Hill 3-3352.

VISITING PHILADELPHIA? Enjoy "Ulysses in Nighttown" at the Society Hill Playhouse. Weekends from April twelfth.

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(Continued on page 50)

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(Continued from page 49)

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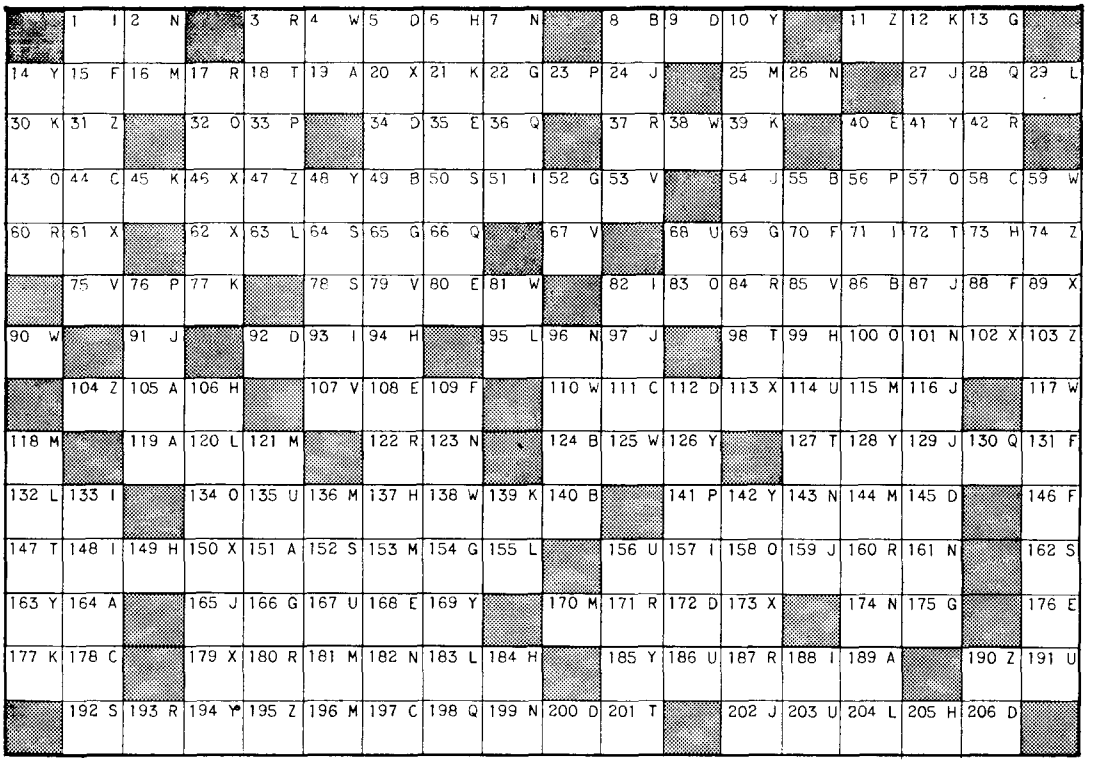
Z. Abnormal or monstrous wickedness.	103 31 190 47 104 195 11 74

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 12 of this issue.

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